

CALTHORPE.

VOL. III.

CALTHORPE

or

Fallen Fortunes

A Novel

BY THE AUTHOR

OF MYSTERY, OR FORTY YEARS AGO

"We worldly men, when we see friends and acquaintances
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom
But now I see you in a way to rise
I can, and will, assist you."

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR

JOHN HURST, RESS, ORMEY

STATIONERS-ROD

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode,
Printers-Street, London.

CALTHORPE;

OR,

FALLEN FORTUNES:

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE MYSTERY; OR, FORTY YEARS AGO.

“ We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom ;
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can, and will, assist you.”

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Printed by A. 1821. Printed by A. 1821.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF

NEW YORK

FROM 1624 TO 1800

BY J. B. H. H. H.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. H. H. H.

1800

CALTHORPE;

OR,

FALLEN FORTUNES.

CHAPTER I.

“ And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept.”

SIR W. SCOTT.

WHERE the gifts of fortune have been lavishly bestowed; where ambition has climbed the height to which it once seemed temerity to aspire; and where Heaven appears to have withheld nothing which its bounty could shower on man; even there, the individuals so favoured, cannot but feel how vain the dreams in which exulting youth indulged, and mourn that life is any thing, but what

sanguine fancy once painted it to be. The unsatisfied mind, but imperfectly at ease under any circumstances, knows not that ceaseless flow of joy which it anticipated, and pining still for something more, if it can imagine no earthly good, that it may not command, it sighs for the very absence of anxiety, and languishes for want of an object.

The Almighty Artist who framed the system of which we form a part, effectually guarded against the last evil being generally known, not by that doom which sentences man to ceaseless labour, but by those feelings which he caused to spring from the best emotions of our nature, and which, when we cease to covet what once excited to exertion on our own account, irresistibly leads us to extend our cares to promote the welfare of others; and he who can hope and who can fear nothing for himself, is still alive to all that may affect the comfort of his children or his grand-

children, if his views extend not beyond even them.

Where the severest pressure of calamity is felt, this principle survives. Though the sufferer well understands, that life is drained off to the dregs for him—that to regain the comfort formerly enjoyed is impossible, and that death alone can give his heart repose, he looks with fond expectation to the accomplishment of some good for his offspring; and for this, is content to live, and to endure.

Hurled in one awful moment from the nearest approach to happiness that mortals can make, and plunged in the most terrific abyss of poverty and sorrow, Mrs. Burleigh would have had no wish, but that the grave should close over her the instant after it received the cold remains of him who in her eyes united all the varieties of human excellence, had not their children claimed her tenderest care, and ex-

acted an effort at fortitude. Her delicate constitution had long since sunk beneath the attacks of sickness; the death of her husband inflicted a shock which almost overwhelmed the feeble mourner; but reason and reflection taught that it was her duty to desire life, that she might assist, with her counsel at least, the two beloved and inexperienced beings who saw in her their only surviving parent.

It has been seen that many, who had passed for friends, when, surrounded with affluence, she had little want of them, shrunk into distant acquaintances in the hour of distress, and soon became strangers. From those who were animated with more respectable feelings Mrs Burleigh had retired of her own accord, to indulge unseen in that cureless sorrow to which she dedicated the remainder of her life. When the tempest of her woe subsided into tranquil melancholy, she reproached herself for having

wholly withdrawn from that society to which she had been accustomed. To her it seemed probable that, had she adopted a different course, some of the painful vicissitudes which her son had already known, might have been spared. She determined to exert greater resolution for the time to come, and the result of this feeling was, she consented to visit, accompanied by her daughter, one of the friends of her late husband.

It was a fine evening in the decline of summer, when a carriage drew up at the door of the cottage. They had expected the vehicle in which they were to perform their journey would arrive one day later, but their arrangements were few and easily made, and leaving their humble residence in the care of their only servant, they immediately took their departure. It was arranged that they should sleep at Redburn, and, arriving there by ten o'clock at night, they found every thing prepared for their

reception, and that all that could diminish the inconveniences of travelling had been carefully provided. Some bitter reflections were suggested to the mother, as she recognised various objects on the road, which had formerly been pressed on her attention, by one who could be the companion of her excursions no more, but the calmness of the evening, and the harmony and beauty of the scenery which attracted her notice, during the greater part of their progress, had a soothing and beneficial influence on a mind like hers disposed to pious resignation.

At nine o'clock on the following morning they went forward, and by five in the afternoon they found themselves at Northampton. There they dined. The ladies were soon ready to proceed; but the driver who had come with them all the way from Richmond, was not to be found, and did not make his appearance till two hours had elapsed. It appeared

that he had thought proper to go to bed after taking refreshment. He apologised for the delay which had occurred through his sleeping too long; but added they should get to Leicester in very good time.

They left Northampton; but the horses with which they had last been supplied seemed to be excessively jaded, and they advanced but slowly through the whole of the seventeen-mile stage which conducted them to Market Harborough. From that place they proceeded, with more expedition, to Leicester; but it was midnight before the vehicle stopped at one of the principal inns in that town. There they had expected to be met, by a member of the family, whose invitation they had accepted. An unusual bustle prevailed at the inn, in consequence, as they were told, of a grand sporting match having that day been decided; and six or eight carriages, besides that in which they

were seated, were irregularly drawn up in front of the house.

After a short delay, the driver, when they expected him to resume his seat, opened the door, and told them it was necessary that they should get into another chaise. He assisted Mrs. Burleigh to descend, and Harriet was prepared to follow her mother, when she was induced to pause, from hearing the man say —

“ But I won’t trouble you, Madam. The horses are put to, and it will be only losing time. Let me assist you to get in again.”

“ I suppose we have but a short distance to go,” said Harriet, as the door of the vehicle was closed. “ To take off the horses and put them to another chaise would, really, have been a waste of time ; and we are already very late.”

Her mother returned no answer. The horses went forward with speed which had been exerted at no former period of their journey. Harriet remarked on this,

but she thought that she perceived her parent, overcome by fatigue, had fallen asleep, and she desisted from attempting to engage her attention by any new observation.

In less than an hour they stopped, and Harriet, never doubting but that they had arrived at the place of their destination, hastened to communicate this intelligence to her companion. But the sleep which could not be disturbed before, seemed equally proof against interruption now ; and, with infinite surprise, Miss Burleigh found that they had only stopped to change horses.

Again they went forward ; and, urged to their utmost speed, the panting animals advanced with a degree of velocity that, to Harriet, seemed terrible. She once more thought it necessary to wake her mother ; and having succeeded, as she believed, endeavoured to call her attention to the frightful rapidity of their course.

“ Can we not speak to the man,” said she, “ and tell him to proceed more leisurely ? There can be no occasion for thus distressing the horses, and endangering our lives and his own.”

No answer was returned, and Harriet continued :—

“ Shall I let down the glass and speak to him ? I suppose he is fearful of incurring displeasure for keeping us on the road so late. Shall I tell him that he has no occasion to be alarmed — that we will take it upon ourselves, and screen him from reproof ?”

“ No,” was the reply.

The answer was given in a whisper. It surprised Harriet ; for, besides that it was not that which she had expected, there was something in the manner which accompanied it, that was unlike all she had been accustomed to in her mother.

To obey, and not to reason, when the will of her parent was known, had ever appeared to Miss Burleigh the duty of a

daughter. Harriet now acquiesced in the will of her companion. Yet the answer which she had received could not be forgotten. She shuddered with apprehension, but she knew not why. Dark as it was, she could perceive what she had no doubt was the dress of her mother. And, indeed, to suppose that the female figure by her side could be any other than her parent, was a thought so extravagant, that she inwardly blamed the childish folly that could entertain it for a moment.

It seemed impossible that her alarm could be well founded, but it did not subside. That the furious manner in which the vehicle was impelled forward should excite no alarm ; should not even attract the notice of her mother, was at all events extraordinary. But she reflected that it was in the nature of fear to magnify every object connected with that which disturbed the mind, and she again persuaded herself, that the lateness of

the hour, and the fatigue which her mother had encountered, caused the unusual drowsiness which she remarked; and inwardly resolved to abstain from making any new effort to disturb her repose.

But when at Leicester, she had understood that they were near the end of their journey. Since, they could not have passed over fewer than twenty miles, and still the horses were unfeelingly urged to their greatest speed. A distant bell sounded the hour of two, while these reflections occupied her mind. Convinced, that at least the driver had made some mistake, she was once more tempted to invite the attention of her mother, to their present singular and perilous situation, when Harriet distinctly perceived, that her present companion was considerably taller than herself, and with agony, that almost bereft her of reason, she recalled the precise height of her mother, which was rather inferior to

her own; and the doubt which had agitated her for the last hour, seemed ripening into dreadful certainty.

But perhaps the seat was more elevated than it had previously been, and this might account for what had filled her with uneasiness. It could be nothing else she was anxious to believe, yet incredulity would still insinuate itself, and with eyes riveted on the imperfectly seen figure by her side, she gazed in painful silence, trembling with expectation; and fearful to move or speak, lest to cherish longer the doubt which tortured her should be impossible.

The horses seemed even to augment their speed, and she rose with an involuntary eagerness to lower the glass in the front of the carriage. At this instant, she observed a correspondent movement on the part of the supposed intruder. Harriet paused in breathless dismay. She then strove to carry the purpose for which she had risen into ef-

fect, when her arm was grasped by the fearful unknown being, who had occupied the place of her mother. The pressure of the hand, though not violent, was very unlike that of her feeble, tender mother. Hardly knowing what she said, while attempting to force down the window, Harriet exclaimed, —

“ I will speak to him — I am sure there is danger.”

“ No, you are *safe enough now*,” replied her companion, in a hoarse and feigned voice.

More was not requisite, to disclose to Harriet all the horrors of her situation ; for the moment the first word was uttered, she recognised the voice of one of the ruffians from whom she had been rescued by Pierrepont.

Desperation grew on the awful conviction ; she dashed the glass to pieces, while she strove to force the door, but without success.

“ It is not my mother ! — save me ! save

me!" she exclaimed; and she raised her voice to its highest pitch, in the hope that the driver might come to her aid.

The postillion heard her. He turned his head for a moment on perceiving the struggle in which the glass had been sacrificed, but to him she appealed in vain. He lent a deaf ear to her exclamations of distress, and pursued his course as before. He did not hear her cries often repeated, for the means formerly taken to silence her in the boat were promptly resorted to, and her arms were powerfully restrained.

"'Tis in vain to struggle," said the voice which had before completed her dismay.

The chaise soon stopped. It was at an inn, and some time was lost before the hostler could be roused from his slumber. A further delay occurred in settling for the horses that were to go forward. Harriet bounded violently against the

sides of the vehicle; in the hope of making her situation known, but the effort was defeated by the vigilance and strength of her enemy. They at length advanced ; but had proceeded a very short distance, when the man, who had till now continued to hold Harriet, sprung out of the carriage, still clasping her in his arms.

That moment, the horses went on. Harriet made an effort to extricate herself, but it was of no avail. One hand secured her wrists, while the stranger's right arm thrown round her waist, sustained her sinking frame, and the helpless and agonised sufferer was rudely borne through a series of gloomy paths, in which no object could be distinctly seen. They at length reached a door, and after some moments gained admittance: it sullenly closed after them ; and now, immersed in the most awful darkness, the last faint hope, which had fluttered in the bosom of the terrified Harriet, expired.

CHAP. II.

“ All this world’s a prison,
Heaven the high wall about it, sin the jailer;
But the iron shackles weighing down our heels,
Are only women; those light angels turn us
To fleshy devils.”

DEKKER.

HARRIET was hurried up a winding staircase, the stone steps of which were so worn away, that the person, in whose power she found herself, from the absence of that sharpness which once belonged to them, frequently slipped back a stair or two, and was only saved by the circular form of the wall from passing very expeditiously to the bottom. Had alacrity taken place of repugnance, and had Harriet been as fresh and composed as she was weary and disordered, she

could not have ascended much faster than she did. He himself felt the labour of this part of his task severely, and was frequently obliged to rest by the way. At such times he deposited Harriet in one of the small recesses which occurred at different stages of the ascent, and which communicated with apertures, which, by day, admitted sufficient light to show those within a little of the way which they had to climb, but which now contributed nothing to mitigate the frightful darkness that prevailed.

The means taken before to ensure silence were discarded the moment Harriet found herself within these walls; but this gave her no comfort, as it only announced that further precaution was deemed unnecessary. She heard some one pass up, but whether it was a man or a woman she could not determine, nor was this a matter in which she could feel interested, though the exclamation “ Help! — for mercy’s sake help !” burst unconsciously

from her, in the moment when the footstep of a third person caught her ear. But, agitated as she was, she could not delude herself with a hope that the party to whom her cry was addressed could be other than the creature or the accomplice of the lawless unknown.

A dim light threw its ray from above, on a part of the walls which bounded the narrow staircase they were ascending; and they soon gained an apartment fitted up for culinary purposes, and provided with all the requisites of a kitchen.

An elderly woman stood near the entrance holding a light, who, with an air of stupid amazement, but without manifesting the slightest concern, surveyed the faintly struggling Harriet, as she was hastily borne through the room.

“If you are woman, — if you are human! — save me; — snatch me from destruction!” she cried: but the appeal was not attended to, and seemed to be unheard.

Carried, or dragged up another flight of steps, Harriet was at length placed in a chair, which, with a small bed, a table, and an old-fashioned spinnet, formed the furniture of the apartment, immediately over that which she had first seen.

The arms which had till then restrained her gave up their hold, and the perpetrator of the outrage, which had torn her from her mother, to immure her in a prison, for such seemed the place to which she had been conducted, occupied himself in throwing from his person the bonnet and gown which he had worn, and in adjusting the upper part of his dress, which had been somewhat disordered by his own exertions, as well as by the struggles of the captive. He wiped the perspiration from his brow without speaking, and now threw a look of exultation on his prize. It was then that Harriet, by the light of a lamp suspended from the centre of the room, gained a

distinct view of his countenance, and recognised the features of Sir James Denville.

On seeing one whom she had been accustomed to regard as a friend, Harriet felt the horror, which had previously almost overpowered her, somewhat abated. She had believed herself dragged to the den of some low banditti, who, regardless alike of law and humanity, were equal to any act of barbarous ferocity that depravity could suggest. In the house of Sir James Denville, she was emboldened to hope that nothing worse than a temporary detention could be apprehended ; and that, at all events, her situation must soon be discovered. Her indignation was now equal to her alarm, and she reproachfully enquired,

“ By what authority, Sir James, have you presumed thus rudely to separate me from my mother ? ”

“ By the high authority of Nature — all-powerful, irresistible Nature, whose

immutable decree it is, that suffering man shall struggle with desperation, against causeless cruelty."

"I understand you not."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter irony. — "Are you really so dull of comprehension? Is there any thing equivocal in my actions, in the condition to which you are reduced, or in the place in which you now find yourself?"

"O Sir James, there is fury in your eye, and mysterious terror in your language. Till now you have been a kind, disinterested friend. Will you forfeit this high character?"

"I will forfeit every thing for you."

"For mercy's sake reflect."

"I do reflect, and burning anguish, and devouring rage grow on the retrospect reflection brings. — I do reflect, that my heart was long your captive, as you now are mine, and shall I tell the mercy that it found? Need I remind you of the calm aversion, the polite hatred, the smil-

ing scorn, which met a passion generous and sincere? Shall I refresh your mind on these topics, to make you at once acquainted with all you have to hope from Sir James Denville, the humble suppliant no more, but the proud master of your destiny?"

"Can it be possible? Is it from the friend of my father — is it from Sir James Denville, that I hear such reproaches. Can it be from him, that I have experienced such treatment?"

"'Tis even so, and not now for the first time. Once before you were in my hands, and happy had it been for you, had the unknown fool who then interfered abstained from meddling as he did. But it is to him I owe my triumph now. By entering the boat instead of me, he baffled my scheme then, but this suggested to me the expedient of taking your mother's seat in the chaise, and thus he taught me to console myself, and turn defeat into victory."

Harriet replied but by a sigh, and Sir James proceeded.

“ I loved you with a fervor of admiration, such as no other man could know. For you I would have abandoned all on earth beside. Your father knew it, but rejected me. You followed up his scorn with unrelenting barbarity, and extirpated every hope, that his moody and irrational opposition had spared. Creation contained but one object that could yield me joy ; that one was sternly refused, or contemptuously withheld. What then remained for the desolate spirit thus cast out and scorned, but to rise in vengeance on its tyrannical oppressor, or prey upon itself, and wither in despair ? ”

Harriet shuddered at the reckless tone of menace which he had assumed. She attempted to reply ; but the torrent of tears which suffused her face, and the sobs which struggled from her bosom, arrested speech. Her eyes were raised with a supplicating expression ; but she re-

mained silent. He seemed touched with her distress, and spoke in a softer voice.

“ Ah! why, when I first appeared at your feet, did you not delude me into the belief that a time would come, when I might honourably make you mine? I had then passed my life in happy dreams, that I should one day find a blessed repose with you. Weary of the round of insipid pleasures, which fashion, folly and dissipation spread, to allure the thoughtless and the vain, I had in those arms forgot all the world, — had sought a home and found a heaven there.

His altered manner encouraged her to speak. Harriet believed that remorse was stealing over him, and ventured to say,

“ Scorn, Sir James, I never felt; and cruelty I never intended. Believe me, acting on this impression, you have been in error. But it is not too late to repair it. Restore me without delay to my mother.”

“ Restore you !”

“ Hear me, Sir James. Conduct me to my mother, and never shall one word escape my lips that may induce any suspicion of the part you have acted. Release me, and my gratitude shall be ever yours.”

“ You plead in vain. — No ; the wolf has leaped the fold — has secured his prey, and cannot abandon the enterprise. On this point I am resolved ; yet, such the triumph of your charms, that, even now, I will give up the great revenge I meditate, on condition that you yield yourself my bride. All that has happened this night can easily be explained — all difficulties can easily be got over ; and in less than twenty-four hours, I will introduce you to your mother as Lady Denville.”

“ Till she shall have given her consent, Sir James, I can never marry.”

“ Nay, this is an evasion. If you refuse — I have few moments to remain

here now. Your answer? Give it in one word. Is it yes, or no?"

"One moment pause. The female who solemnly vows at the altar of God to love the being who conducts her thither, is guilty of a dreadful perjury if ——"

"If she scorns and detests as you do. Is it not so? You told me this before. You, in effect, assured me that I could never be the object of your regard. But you might remember what has passed this night."

"I do, Sir James; but could you think that outrage would endear?"

"I think it might teach prudence. — But I have no time for trifling. You might have been mine honourably, — mine you shall be at all events; and that shall be gained from compulsion which coldness, insensibility, or hatred would deny. Do not suppose that, having gone thus far, and performed the most difficult part of my task, I

am now to be induced, by any conscientious scruple, from pursuing to the most complete accomplishment, my ultimate object. My present scheme has not been rashly adopted. This apartment till now, has been occupied by a female relation of mine. She is insane, and every one knows that she has long been the tenant of this tower. Three nights ago, I sent her to a private mad-house, to make room for you. The carriage that came to you at Kew was mine. Every thing that occurred on the road was planned by me. The delay at Northampton, was intended to give time for procuring dresses like those worn by your mother and yourself."

"But O, Sir James, still let me plead for mercy. Reflect how fatal the consequences of your present conduct. Your footsteps will be traced, and discovery must immediately ensue."

"You deceive yourself. I have provided for every thing. I remained in

town till near two o'clock yesterday. Shortly after noon this day I shall again be in London. Before setting out on this expedition I took excellent care, on various pretences, to call on several of your relatives. The moment I return I shall do the same; so that it will appear to every one that it was quite impossible for me to have any thing to do with your flight."

"Cruel artifice!"

"Nor do my precautions end here. I need not tell what use was made of one of the dresses purchased at Northampton. The other, is by this time fitted on a woman who will become your representative, as the late driver will mine, in the chaise. They proceed forthwith to Liverpool, and thence, in the first vessel that sails, to America. Should they sail before those who may pursue arrive in that town, there all must terminate. If taken, it will be found that they are not the parties that were wanted,

though their dress may resemble the description given of them, and no suspicion will be excited."

"And can you, Sir James, — can you deliberately act such a part?"

"I can and will."

"Surely you will not bring upon your soul, the guilt that must attach to cruelty like that you contemplate."

"My soul! if indeed such thing I have, must pay the price of enjoyment; and by that soul I swear it shall not pay for nothing. For the guilt you speak of, what is it? I was not guilty of my own creation. Am I to blame, if some mighty hand, which I could not controul, placed fire in that part of this frame where common mortals wear an earthly clod, which they agree to call a heart? I am but an atom carried before the blast; a straw perishing in the conflagration. Fate drags me on. But that I see you secure from all human interference, and would not have the joy that courts me frittered

away by precipitation, this very hour should seal your destiny. As it is, I mount my swiftest horse, and I shall be at London in ten or eleven hours. Then shall dissimulation act its part; and if your flight is known, my tears shall flow for your sufferings, my indignation be breathed against the *villain* (so I shall serenely call myself,) who carried you off, and my purse shall be liberally opened to reward him who brings you back. This will occupy me through the remainder of the day, and perhaps to-morrow morning; and these necessary steps taken, and every mind completely satisfied, that I, of all mankind, am he who would be the last to participate in such an enterprise, I shall gaily return to reap the harvest I have sown, and consecrate your beauties to my pleasure."

"Monster!" exclaimed Harriet, and indignation seemed to lift her above the woe by which she had previously been depressed; "fierce and relentless as you

are, your power is limited. You never can subdue me to the base obedience you would exact. If you persist in your atrocious views, before I submit, I ——”

“Will die, I suppose. This, every heroine of romance can say; but death is not a lady's lap-dog, to come at her call, and playfully attend her bidding. He is a wayward gallant, who loves to select the gayest, most envied being for his victim. The pampered lord of happiness may fall, snatched in a moment from the joy that wooed him; but the sad captive, who seeks his aid to retreat from sorrow, counts on a faithless ally, and sighs for his approach in vain. The sheep that feed on the sterile plain, where scarce one stunted blade of grass is seen, are not more skilled in discovering invisible nourishment, than is misery. Here, then, proud trembler, you may rave in vain. Continue your resistance, and love, hitherto paramount, shall act subordinate to vengeance.”

He ceased to speak, and retired. The door of the apartment closed as he went out, and Harriet heard it secured with heavy bolts on the outside. Within she observed a shelf attached to the door, and from wandering wildly round the room, her eyes returned to this object, as that which, from its situation, was the most singular of all that it contained. Her gaze was interrupted by the failure of the light. The oil which supplied it was exhausted — the flame trembled at the extremity of the wick — it fled and returned, as if reluctant to be dislodged, and then expired. Left in total darkness, Harriet listened to what she thought the descending step of Sir James. For a moment she was terrified by the belief that he was returning, but the fear was groundless. Now she felt convinced that she could distinguish his walk, or rather run, on the outside of her prison; and now all around was awfully silent.

CHAP. III.

“ Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable.”

DR. JOHNSON.

ALMOST stupefied by the appalling events of the night, Harriet remained motionless in her seat, till the light of the morning found its way through four small windows, which were ranged round the upper part of the place in which she was detained. Each window consisted of four small squares or panes, and the wood in which they were fastened was remarkable for its strength. Sufficient light was thrown in from them to enable the inmate of the apartment to read, to write, or to work, though not enough to make it other than a most gloomy abode.

Faint from the fatigue and agitation which she had sustained, Harriet continued for several hours lost in melancholy rumination; and while she recalled with horror the language held by Sir James, and the threats which he had uttered at the time of his departure, she could not exclude from her thoughts the affliction, which she was certain must have fallen on her heart-broken parent; and the picture she imaged of her distress, aggravated the misery which she had to deplore on her own account.

When a little composed, the first idea that occurred to her, was that of attempting to fly from her prison, before the threatened return of Sir James. But on surveying the dreary walls which confined her, escape seemed impossible, and hope perished in the same moment which gave it birth. The windows her attention first rested on; but from these it was quite clear that she could not escape. They were

not constructed to open; through one of the panes it was impossible to pass, and she could not flatter herself that her strength would be equal to the task of breaking away the frame in which the glass was fixed, and even if this difficult work could be accomplished, to descend on the outside would be to rush on instant death. To reach the windows required some study and contrivance. She wished to look from them, as it was possible that she might recognise some object that would make her acquainted with the place to which she had been carried. With much labour she dragged the heavy old table, which had stood near the centre of the apartment, to the wall, and stationed it beneath one of the windows. The chair was then put in requisition, and placed on the table, but when, after repeated efforts, she had succeeded in elevating herself on the chair, she could only bring her eyes even with the lower panes, and all she could

see was the tops of some ancient elms. These, as they were much beneath the window from which they were surveyed, served but to indicate that her present residence was at a great distance from the ground.

While still attempting to gain a more distinct view of the surrounding scenery, a slight noise in the room attracted her attention; and turning round, she perceived that a pannel in the door had been slipped aside. The face of the female whom she had seen in the course of her ascent, appeared at the opening for a moment, and immediately after a basin and plate, containing refreshments, were deposited on the shelf which had before caught Harriet's attention. She trembled, lest her attempting to reach the windows should alarm the person in whose custody she remained; and, doubting whether she had been seen, descended with precipitation, and replaced the table, hardly knowing why she did so. The person

who had surprised her passed leisurely down the staircase, and she heard the closing of a door. The use of the shelf which she had remarked at the back of the door, was now sufficiently explained. Faint and weary as she was, she did not wholly refuse nourishment; and as she had no reason to believe that her motions were watched, by the means previously used, Harriet raised herself to the window that was opposite the first; but the view thus obtained did not differ from that which had baffled her expectations before.

Descending in hopeless sorrow, she again stood on the table; and the chair by which she had raised herself to the window she lowered from the table, to form a step between that and the ground. From the chair she was about to pass to the floor, when she perceived a door in the wall, which she had not previously noticed. A wild gleam of hope cheered her for a moment. This door,

forgotten, or perhaps unknown, to the present proprietor of the building, might possibly open to some passage, by which she might escape unseen from her prison. Full of the thought, she again removed the table, and hastily employed herself in attempting to open the newly-detected door. It immediately gave way to her touch, and presented a dark recess, from which she started with instinctive dread. But it was not long before reflection whispered, that plunging into the most frightful abyss that could open to receive a human being, would hardly make her situation more desperate than it was already. It was quite impossible that it could conduct her to a place where she would be more in the power of Sir James Denville; and she could fear nothing that might assail her, removed from his controul, that would not be comparatively welcome.

With these feelings she resolutely, but cautiously, passed through the door-way.

She found herself on a flight of steps that led upward. The joy in which she had for a moment indulged, was severely shaken by this discovery. Though the gloom was at first most profound, she was soon enabled to advance without risk of injury from not seeing her way. Here, as in the lower part of the building, small apertures in the massy stone, of which the tower was composed, admitted enough light to make the ascent tolerably easy. At the top of the steps she found herself in the open air. There was a flat round the interior of the battlements; and in the centre of the space which they enclosed, the covering of the tower rose with a gradual slope. It had been so raised to throw off the rain, which, from the flat was carried off through the gaping mouths of certain uncouth monsters in stone, which projected from the tower. On the lead, which covered the whole of the roof,

a variety of names, initials, and dates, had been indented by those who had been allowed to visit the tower, and who thus sought to perpetuate the remembrance of their momentary elevation. In several places the form of a foot was traced. Whether this practice may boast a classic origin (*ex pede Herculem*), it is not necessary here to enquire; but though it might strike Harriet as singular, it was certainly by no means peculiar to the place of her confinement. No hope of escape suggested itself at this time. She even found a difficulty in gaining a view of the country, for the battlements had been raised, and made close at the top, lest the maniac, who had been permitted to come here, should, in the paroxysms to which she was subject, throw herself over. A large cross, however, had been described in each side, and the stone cut away so as to present a considerable opening within, though, externally, it offered one but just large enough to

allow of the easy exit of an arrow, for which purpose it had been made. It was only by looking through these narrow spaces, that she could see any thing of the surrounding lands. Three of them conducted her eye but to woody scenes, in which no particular object caught her attention, but the fourth enabled her to recognise objects, which distinctly indicated the situation of her prison. She saw the tranquil Derwent pursuing its course through the valleys, and by the bases of the giant hills of Derbyshire. Numerous stone cottages varied the picture, and stripped of the slight soil and herbage which had covered them, shattered and discoloured masses indicated the existence of enormous quarries. The cedar-crowned heights of Abraham, and the bold outline of the rocks, which swell the picturesque glory of romantic Matlock, closed the view. Though gained at length the knowledge she had sought—though she could

no longer doubt that she was a prisoner at the seat of Sir James Denville, in Derbyshire, she could derive no satisfaction, no comfort, from the conviction thus obtained. While still looking from the aperture, she perceived a livery-servant walking in the park below, and towards the tower, which however did not appear to occupy his attention for a moment. Not doubting that he was the servant of Sir James, she abstained from making any attempt, by sound or signal, to attract his notice.

He was scarcely out of sight, before she regretted the course which she had taken. From the cautious manner in which she had been conveyed to her present abode, it was plain that Sir James did not wish it to be known to his whole establishment that he had a captive, and therefore his domestics could not be his accomplices. It seemed possible, that, by making them acquainted with her situation, if she could find the means of

doing so, they might become her friends. She felt that to cherish such an expectation, would be in no slight degree extravagant; but it was the only one tinged with hope which she could now entertain, and of this, at least, she was quite sure, that no effort to interest them in her behalf, could make her case more desperate than it was already.

But the means of making her situation known were still to be found. To carry on a conversation from the tower was obviously impossible. How then was she to communicate with them? The very little that she had seen of the being who seemed to be a substitute for an attendant, led Harriet to expect nothing from her good offices. It was not probable that she would be the bearer of any information to the other servants that would operate against her employer, whose confidence, from the office she held, it was natural to conclude that she must possess. To convey to them in

writing what she might wish them to know, by throwing it from the tower, seemed the only way of opening a communication with them. To effect this, three articles of considerable importance to the successful execution of such a plan, were wanting; namely pens, ink, and paper.

There was no way of obtaining these, but through the medium of the inhabitants of the lower part of the tower. From an unsuccessful application, she had no new persecution to dread, and Harriet therefore resolved upon making it. She descended to her room; as it occurred to her, the time could not be very distant, when it might be thought proper to furnish her with another meal. Hardly had she regained the apartment, when the pannel again moved, and she saw a hand engaged in withdrawing the breakfast apparatus. Harriet hastened to the opening and addressed the person who was thus employed.

“Good woman — let me speak with you; I wish to solicit a slight indulgence which you cannot feel it necessary to refuse.”

A dim eye was fixed on her in an unmeaning stare while she spoke, and the pannel was deliberately closed. She heard the woman pass down the stone steps; but in a few moments some one again approached the door; the little wicket unclosed, and a fowl and other viands were put forward as breakfast had been.

“Oblige me, by listening to me for a moment,” cried Harriet, interposing her hand to prevent the pannel from being restored to its place.

The woman was about to shut it — it had already begun to slide, when the extreme eagerness of the prisoner arrested her attention.

“Will you do me a favour?” enquired Harriet.

“Hey?” exclaimed the old woman, seeming to enquire what had been said.

“Will you not afford me pen, ink, and paper, to assist in beguiling away these heavy hours of loneliness and sorrow?”

“What?”

“Can you so far oblige me?”

“I don’t know what you say.”

Harriet now perceived that the woman was nearly deaf. She accordingly raised her voice, and at length succeeded in making the beldam understand what it was she desired. The answer was,

“Master said, I was to get you every thing nice. — There’s some delightful wine. I could drink it all myself its so nice; but he said nothing about pens and paper.”

“But will you not oblige me in such a trifle?”

“Sir James did not order it, and you

mad people don't know what you want."

"Mad! — Good woman! I am not mad."

"So you always say."

"Always! I never spoke to you till now. It was only yesterday that I was torn from my friends."

"So you tell me. But you mean it was only yesterday that the enchanter, as you call master, brought you back."

"Believe me, you are mistaken. I am not the person you may have been accustomed to see."

"Well, have it so," replied the old woman, whose sight and hearing had greatly failed her, but whose sensibility, if ever she had possessed any, was absolutely dead.

"Indeed, I speak truth."

"Have it so. You know it's nothing to me who you are, or whether you are mad, or not; that's master's look out."

“ But will you not supply me with the trifling articles I ask.”

“ No. If you want pen and ink you must ask master. He’ll be here to-morrow.”

The wicket was forcibly closed; and Harriet, abandoning every hope of gaining the slightest indulgence from her female jailer, with aching heart looked round her dreary abode for other means to accomplish her object. Her eyes rested on the cieling. It was black as jet in the centre, from the smoke of the lamp. Could she but possess herself of paper, and contrive to reach the cieling, the soot, converted into a sort of ink, would enable her to trace characters which might suffice to attract the notice of those who walked near her prison. While ruminating on this scheme, the old woman again presented herself, and called out to her—

“ If you want amusement, here’s a book you may read.”

With these words she threw in a folio volume of old acts of parliament, and immediately vanished.

Harriet derived a momentary joy from this present, and determined to try, by means of the soot and the leaves of the book, to execute her purpose. But the table and the chair, by which she had raised herself to the window, did not lift her sufficiently high, and when she had placed a pillow and the book on the chair, the whole tottered so, that she could not stand on them for a moment. This plan she was reluctantly obliged to give up, but she flattered herself, that when the lamp should be lighted, by holding something over it, which the chair and table would enable her to do, she might intercept its smoke, and thus accumulate a small quantity of soot, which, mingled with water, might answer the purpose of ink. Intent on making this experiment, he passed the remainder of the day in

turning over in her mind the words most likely to make her condition known, and which, for their brevity, could be produced with the greatest facility and expedition.

From this point, and determined by means of the soot and the leaves of the book, to execute her purpose. But the table and the chair, by which she had raised herself to the window, did not lift her sufficiently high, and when she had placed a pillow and the book on the chair, the whole tottered so, that she could not stand on them for a moment. This plan she was reluctantly obliged to give up, but she attached herself, that when the lamp should be lighted, by holding something under it, which the chair and table would enable her to do, she might intercept its smoke, and thus accumulate a small quantity of soot, which, mingled with water, might answer the purpose of ink. In making this experiment, she passed the remainder of the day.

CHAP. IV.

“The day, too short for my distress, and night,
Even in the zenith of her dull domain,
Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate.”

YOUNG.

NIGHT came: — the apartment was in total darkness and Harriet began to fear, that it was not intended to light the lamp, when a flash glared from beneath the door, and the bolts were undrawn. The female, with whom she had before communicated, now came into the room, bringing a lamp in her hand. That which was already suspended from the cieling she pulled down with a long stick, provided with a hook at the end, and removed it, to put the one she brought in its place. On entering

she cautiously locked the door and deposited the key in her pocket, before she proceeded to perform the business which brought her there. Her aspect, spoke her a stranger to all feeling and remorse; and believing it impossible to interest her, and impatient to try the experiment which she meditated, Harriet sought not to detain her by uttering a single word.

Left to herself, Harriet lost no time. Mounting to the lamp as she had before done to the window, she held a small plate a little above the flame, so as to receive the ascending smoke. She perceived with satisfaction, that it collected more rapidly than she expected, and the encrusted soot soon attained the thickness of a shilling. With breathless care she scraped it off, and a wine-glass received the sable flakes. When the glass was about one-third full, she put a small quantity of wine to it; and stirring this with the soot, her compo-

sition was complete; and on trying it with the book, she found that it would enable her to produce letters and words on its leaves, not indeed the most sightly and regular in the world, but perfectly legible, which was all that she could desire.

It was with a straw, that she laid her substitute for ink on the papers which she designed to drop from the summit of the tower. However unlikely that an ambiguous word, or imperfectly expressed sentence, should produce any efficient relief, even if it should happily fall into the hands of some well-disposed person, it was the only occupation that could afford her comfort; and she applied herself to it with as much assiduity as if emancipation might be calculated upon as the immediate reward of her toil. The night was far advanced: she had traced three or four brief sentences on leaves torn from the book, and had spread them out to dry, when, reflecting that the lamp might suddenly expire,

she deemed it prudent to furnish herself with as much of the material necessary to continue her operations, as she could procure while it continued to burn. She accordingly again ascended to the lamp; but considering that she could accomplish her object with more ease and expedition, by lowering the light, she detached it from the suspending chain, and placed it on the table. At this moment the pannel was again removed. She feared to look towards it, but at length venturing to throw her eyes in that direction, she beheld the old woman gazing on her with attention that she had not bestowed before. Harriet expected to see her keeper enter; but she heard her go down, and all again was silent. She had thrown her placards under the table; but she now replaced them, anticipating no interruption till the morning. About half an hour after the alarm, she perceived a sudden movement; and to her infinite surprise and

discomfiture, found the old woman by her side. Her papers were immediately seized. The reproachful enquiry, "Is this the way you serve a book?" was all the vigilant wretch thought it necessary to say; both book and lamp were carried out of the apartment, and the door bolted as before.

This proceeding convinced Harriet that the creature appointed to watch her, though dim her eye, though impaired her sense of hearing, was nothing deficient in artfulness. When she retreated, it was only to deceive, and having reached the lower apartment, she dismissed her shoes, that she might return unheard, when the captive least expected a visit.

Alone, Harriet sighed deeply for the failure of her plan. However doubtful, and indeed remote, the probability of deriving relief from its perfect execution, it had served to sustain her spirits, by deluding her into hope. Bereft of

this stay, she sunk backward in silent agony. The stillness that prevailed around, the frightful gloom that pervaded her prison, were of themselves sufficient to appal a tender female, long accustomed to all the comforts that affluence and parental kindness could unite; but if in addition to these, she took into consideration the perils that would assail her, when that hour of the next night should arrive, her senses could scarcely sustain the fearful shock, and the prayer that she sought to utter, interrupted by frantic exclamations of terror, died away in sobs of anguish. Exhaustion at length consigned her to a brief and feverish lethargy, which took from her for a season, the excruciating consciousness of her forlorn situation.

Waking shortly after day-break, she mournfully passed to the summit of the tower, and looking from the chasm to which her eye had been applied before, she saw the rich scene presented by the

surrounding country, in all the captivating splendour which the temperate radiance of a bright morning throws over the soft repose of nature. The rich tints of autumn began to tip the foliage of the beech, and presented it in glowing contrast with the silver-edged willow. The pale dew was spread over the ample surface of the adjacent meadows ; and a thin transparent vapour played over the winding Derwent, put forth as a veil to meet the earliest rays of the sun, whose broad orb, now reflected and elongated in a slanting direction on the bosom of the unruffled wave, seemed an inverted obelisk of gold, established in the bosom of the river.

The scene was lovely ; but all its charms failed to sooth the melancholy Harriet. Though fond of contemplating the Deity in his works, and ever alive to the beauties of nature, she felt the view of such a picture in her condition

an aggravation of calamity, and she retreated to the more appropriate gloom of her apartment.

There she recalled with feverish eagerness, and vain regret, the gleam of hope which had cheered on the preceding day, and the manner in which, through want of precaution, it had been annihilated — then calculating how few the hours which had yet to elapse, before Sir James might return, she wildly paced her dungeon, exclaiming, in a paroxysm of horror and alarm — “God of mercy, save me! — Save me from the monster, or snatch me from existence.”

The pannel was suddenly withdrawn, and Harriet perceived herself the object of the inquiring and suspicious scowl of the old woman. Having sullenly placed refreshments on the shelf, she withdrew.

Of the preparation which Harriet had made on the preceding evening, the straw which she had used, instead of a pen,

or pencil, alone remained, and still holding this poor instrument in her hand, not knowing why, she had wound it round her finger, when it occurred to her, that a substance so pliant might be bent, so as to represent a letter. A small quantity of straw, which had been provided for the amusement of the late occupant of the tower, lay before Harriet in a basket, composed of the same material, and fashioned by the maniac's hand. The moment the idea of forming letters of straw occurred to her, she applied herself to act upon it. She was at first far from expert. Several letters were formed; but they were so indifferently shaped, that she doubted if any person could make out what they were intended for. She nevertheless proceeded in her work, and so far improved, that that apprehension was no more. Another difficulty arose, which seemed insuperable. On throwing her letters on the floor, to judge of the effect of letting them fall from the tower,

they immediately sprung from the shape they had previously worn. In a variety of ways she attempted to correct this defect. It was long before she succeeded, and when at length she accomplished it, her stock of straw was nearly exhausted. To form a single letter occupied so much time, that the afternoon was pretty far advanced, before she had completed the word **HELP**; and a second representation of that word was all she could accomplish.

Dinner was brought, as on the preceding day, but Harriet had taken care that nothing should be seen to rouse suspicion; and now that she might expect to be free from observation for several hours, she carefully conveyed her frail letters to the top of the tower. She had not been long there, when she perceived a person at a distance. He came nearer, and she was sure that he did not wear the dress of a servant. Harriet shuddered at the thought, that it might possibly be the Baronet. The intervening trees concealed

him from her view for some minutes, when he suddenly emerged, and she thought that she recognised Pierrepont. An involuntary shriek of transport burst from the captive ; and forcing her hand through the narrow opening, she hastily waved it to gain his attention. In this she believed that she had succeeded, and she proceeded to make the grand experiment. She could not venture to throw all the letters of the word at the same time, lest they should get tangled, and be destroyed by the attempt to separate them. It seemed most prudent to lower them singly, but it was of importance that the letters should fall in the order in which they must stand, to form the word she desired to bring under the view of the individual she had seen. The resemblance which had at first struck her, seemed to vanish, and though in some moments the manner of the stranger recalled that of her former deliverer, she could hardly doubt that it was her wish

rather than her vision, which had so forcibly presented his image to her, when she first observed his approach.

Selecting the first letter of the word **HELP**, she passed it through the aperture, and suffered it to fall. The others speedily followed. Harriet could not see where they fell; but she observed the stranger moved in different directions, and saw him once take something from the ground, which he gazed on, as she thought, with interest. Considering that some of her letters might possibly have lost their shape in the fall, she deemed it necessary to throw out her second set to correct any mishap that might have befallen the first. She was thus engaged when two other persons approached the individual with whom she had attempted to communicate, and one of these she was quite certain was Sir James Denville. To him she saw Pierrepont, as she had at first supposed him to be, hand what he had picked up. The attention of both

was for a moment directed to the tower, and they then retired. More was not necessary to convince Harriet that her plan had failed—failed in the worst possible way, by apprising her persecutor of the attempt she was disposed to make. If it had been possible to doubt, that such was the result of her experiment, that doubt would have been speedily removed; for the next hour had not elapsed before she heard the voice of Sir James between the lower apartment and that in which she was detained, furiously upbraiding the old woman for her negligence. The object of his wrath attempted to vindicate her character for vigilance, by telling what she had done, but it was in vain that she strove to obtain a hearing, and the wretched creature was constrained to submit in silence to the most vehement reproaches, for what she had not sanctioned, but had failed to prevent.

CHAP. V.

“Had'st thou not

A daughter that protects thee, thou should'st feel

The vengeance thou deservest.”

THOMSON.

THE horror inspired by Brinkman's confession determined Burleigh, on the instant, to quit the abode of the man he, till that moment, had regarded as his kindest friend.

But he could not leave the inanimate Louisa to perish without assistance by her dying father. He conveyed her into her own apartment. The attendance of a female he next procured, and had, at least, the satisfaction of seeing, that all the accommodation such a season of universal distress and indescribable confu-

sion could afford, was supplied to the interesting being on whose sensibility he had inflicted so fatal a wound, in the agonizing surprise of that awful hour which revealed to him the secret of her father's crime.

It need scarcely be stated, that, in the case of Louisa, restoration to reason was restoration to agony. To a mind like hers, which innocent itself, could not, without effort, comprehend the existence of guilt in another, it was horrible to learn, and from one whose lips had never uttered to her one expression in which she did not recognise truth and love, that the honoured, though rugged, and somewhat mysterious individual from whom she had derived existence, had committed the fearful crime of murder. From an act so atrocious, her heart revolted with sensations of pain, which hardly seemed capable of aggravation ; but when her mind ran mournfully over what might yet follow, when she imaged

to herself her father dragged before a solemn tribunal to answer for his conduct, pursued to the scaffold by her lover, she groaned beneath an accumulation of misery that almost goaded her to madness, and hysteric shrieks and heart-breaking sobs, attested, too distinctly, the existence of a malady, which no medical skill could reach, — which no effort at consolation could subdue.

Henry, on leaving Louisa, had taken his station at the door-way to guard against the entrance of any new marauder. Here absorbed, in the contemplation of what he had heard from Brinkman, he had totally forgotten the individual whom he had so unceremoniously ejected from the window, when about midnight he perceived two soldiers approach and raise him from the ground. The fellow had revived a little, and had crawled a few paces from the house, but he was still so near, that Henry expected nothing less than that he would

point it out to his comrades, and direct their vengeance against its inmates. Determined to resist their entrance to the last moment of his life, Henry armed himself with a cutlass belonging to Brinkman, and firmly resumed his station at the entrance. He heard the wretch speaking of the way in which he had been treated; but to his surprise, the only answer returned to his complaint was a laugh, and at the same moment his supposed comrades began to strip him, and having plundered him of all he had about him, took their leave, advising him not to put on the dress of a soldier again. The fellow who was so roughly handled, was one of the numerous Jews, which at that period infested all Germany; and disguised as soldiers of the opposing armies, contributed to gain for the combatants on both sides a character for cruelty and rapacity, which, left to themselves, they would but too well have deserved.

Brinkman for some days languished in great pain. Louisa, though faint and feeble from the shock which she had received, had sufficient resolution to struggle with indisposition, and to endeavour to appear before her father as if afflicted by nothing, but the accident which had befallen him. The troops which surrounded them increased in numbers from day to day. Murat had arrived and fixed his head-quarters at Konnewitz, and Bonaparte and the King of Saxony were hourly expected. A general battle was inevitable. Reluctant to leave Louisa and even Brinkman, (for whom he still felt a lingering kindness,) at such a time, Henry could not make up his mind to depart. Whatever offended justice might require at his hands, he could not but remember, that the wretched man whose crime unceasingly occupied his thoughts, had succoured him in his distress, — had evinced on every occasion the most

disinterested kindness towards himself; and had indeed, at the commencement of their acquaintance, saved his life. To pursue him in any way, would to him be a most painful task; but to forsake him while on a sick-bed, and with his innocent daughter surrounded by foreign soldiers, — to leave them exposed to all the perils that were to be calculated upon from the tremendous battle about to take place in the vicinity of their residence, — would be an imputation on his own courage and character. Till the storm should have partly subsided, he determined not to separate his fate from theirs; and he almost persuaded himself that he might be allowed to see them removed to a place of safety, and then leave the assassin to the vengeance of Heaven.

He did not present himself to Brinkman. His state was such that the slightest agitation might have produced instant

dissolution, and he was too weak to answer any questions that Henry might wish to put. With downcast eyes Louisa passed before him: the gaiety which had once mantled in her cheek, and spread mirth and harmony around, had now given way to an expression of grief, equally profound and incurable; and the society of him who had been her lover she was now only studious to shun. Henry gazed on her with increased tenderness; and though he considered an insuperable bar to be opposed to their union, he could not but regard her with fond admiration, and look with additional esteem—it would hardly be too much to say, with more passionate love,—on the interesting beauty, the lustre of whose charms had been suddenly dimmed by the pressure of calamity, and whose roses had been withered by sorrow for a parent's guilt.

“Louisa,” said Henry, one day, when she sought to avoid him, “allow me a few

words with you. Notwithstanding the sad event, and the dismal discovery, which have terminated the brief and happy day of our love, believe me still to feel interested, warmly interested, in your welfare, and whatever the sentiments inspired in my bosom, by a knowledge of that which I lament having imparted to you, I hope you will not disdain such humble efforts, as it may be in my power to make for your preservation."

Louisa ventured not to look at him, but after a short pause, a pause which Henry had not intended should occur, but which emotion and embarrassment had occasioned, she expressed herself at a loss to comprehend the object of what he had uttered.

"I cannot wonder at that," he replied; "I feel somewhat at a loss how to shape my proposition so that it shall not startle your sensibility, and defeat the intention from which it springs. Though a frightful destiny makes it my

duty shortly to fly from the presence most fondly beloved, to return no more." —

He again paused, and strove to gain greater firmness of manner. A tear burst involuntarily from Louisa, as the last words were pronounced. He perceived that she was much affected, and took her hand with tenderness. It was the first time that he had done so since the evening on which Brinkman received his wound; the touch thrilled through his every vein, and forgetful of that which he had meant to say, he could only give utterance to what the feelings of the moment prompted.

"Yet, O! believe not, Louisa, that in the joyless exile to which I am doomed, your image shall ever be obliterated from my mind. Wherever my faltering steps may wander, your charms shall be dear to my memory; your virtues shall live in my admiration. In the haunts of business, or in the

bosom of solitude, I will recall the chastened mirth which almost sanctified, while it gave new wings to the hours of joy ; and I will remember the soothing tenderness, which to lull the mourner into abstraction from his woe, could pour forth a strain so melancholy, simple, and sublime, that listening man could scarce believe it earthly, that Superstition might have been forgiven, if she had fabled it the voice of Heaven.”

“ No more of this. — My father may require my assistance.”

“ I entreat your pardon. My feelings lead me from my purpose. I would call your attention to the frightful scenes which encompass us. But few hours can elapse, before the countless thousands now opposed to each other must join in deadly conflict. The French army stretches from Paunsdorf to Probstheldt, and the allies are coming in equal, if not in superior numbers, to meet them. Already the thunder of the distant artil-

lery, announces the impatience of the troops to engage in the bloody struggle which they know to be inevitable ; and the outrages committed even now, by those who profess to come as friends, almost exhaust even the patience of fear, while they degrade humanity.”

“ I know this but too well.”

“ The very door of this humble dwelling, and almost all the furniture which it contained, have lighted the baleful watch-fires, which nightly flame on every side, — more favoured still than many of our neighbours, whose houses have actually been burnt. The soldiers of Bonaparte are but indifferently provided for in the confusion that prevails, and they scruple not to seize on every thing in the shape of sustenance that comes in their way. Parents, who frantically seek for their wandering houseless children, and children who look in vain for their dead or fugitive parents, fill the streets.”

“ The picture is dreadfully correct ; but why are these fearful images brought before me ? To contemplate them may indeed intimidate, but cannot relieve.”

“ My motives,” replied Henry, “ few words will suffice to explain. At a time like this, when depraved and desperate men, knowing that it is probable but few hours of life remain to them, seem resolute to fill up the measure of their guilt before they go to their account ; when those who command, however anxious to guard against outrage, find it impossible to prevent the most fearful acts of violence ; it is not fit that a helpless female should remain among such scenes of war and horror.”

“ Surely you cannot suppose that I linger here from choice.”

“ No, Louisa, I know that it is a sense of duty, of sacred duty, binds you to this spot. But I think it right to counsel you to retire, and that immediately.”

“Retire! — Would you advise me to forsake a dying father?”

“For his sake as well as for your own, I would have you to withdraw. If miseries and dangers like those we now deplore surround us before the battle, what will be our situation, when intoxicated with victory, a brutal and licentious soldiery, (no matter of what nation,) sit down to enjoy the fruits of conquest, and celebrate their triumph. What then will remain secure, what then be held sacred?”

“I tremble to reflect.”

“In that awful hour, while shouts of exultation mingle with groans of agony, what can be expected, but that the love of plunder and ungovernable lust, will claim from the suffering inhabitants all that till then may be spared. The perils which will surround you I dare not describe.”

“I know they are terrible,” said

Louisa, “ but they are not to be avoided.”

“ They may be avoided. A vehicle is now provided in which you can proceed to a distant village, with several other females just departing; and there you may remain till the storm has, in some degree, subsided.”

“ In the meanwhile my father will perish: no friendly hand will minister to his wants; no soothing voice sustain him in his last pangs; no tear of affection fall on his cold remains.”

“ Fear not for him. I will remain by his side night and day.”

“ *You*, Henry, — *you* who have told me ——”

She paused, reluctant to repeat, though unable to forget, what she had heard. In the anxious apprehension which her countenance expressed, Henry thought he recognised a doubt of the motives in which the advice that he had given originated. He hastened to vindicate himself.

“ Can Louisa think me capable of treachery? Whatever my fate may be — whatever my duty to the best of parents, now no more, may hereafter prescribe, by the Creator of man I swear, that all revengeful feelings shall, for the present, be suspended; and not yourself could watch over his couch with more patient solicitude than I will.”

“ No, you are not treacherous; but you cannot perform what you promise.”

“ By Heaven I will! Till gained a place of safety, I will see in him not the assassin of my parent, — O God! that it should be so! — but my own kind friend — the saviour of my life; and, more than all, the father of Louisa.”

She was silent; and appeared revolving in her mind what had just fallen from Henry.

“ It is in vain!” she at length replied. “ No, I can never leave him. He will call for his daughter, and she will not answer. He will think that she has

basely deserted him in his woe ; and, in delirious agony, he will imprecate curses on the name of Louisa.”

“ But I will be with him.”

“ His startled eye will fall on you, and he will think that I have surrendered him to your vengeance.”

“ No ; for my lips shall breathe but the language of kindness, of compassion.”

“ But his own mind will suggest all that is horrible, if indeed he be what you believe him. Yet that cannot be. You may be, you must be in error. He never could commit the crime——”

“ Alas ! himself confessed it.”

“ Then his brain wandered. He knew not what he said. He is no assassin. It could not be. O no, no, it could not be.”

Repeating the last words, Louisa sunk into a chair, in strong hysterics. She soon revived ; repelled the assisting hand of Henry, and reiterated the declaration which she had just made. He again re-

commended flight; and to enforce it, suggested that, in the event of Brinkman's recovery, so as to admit of his being moved, her presence, far from being an advantage, might prove an impediment (in the scarcity of conveyances that was to be anticipated) to his being transported to a place of safety.

“ Cease these kind but unavailing importunities,” was her answer. “ I may not, I cannot, I will not quit my father while he lives. A fond, devoted parent, I have always known him; and whatever he may, unhappily, have been to those he loved not, it is not for me to judge him or to punish. However appalling the dangers you have described, I trust that I shall find courage to triumph over them all. Here will I remain, resolute to do my duty, by assisting and consoling the sufferer while he lives, and content to perish by his side.”

She retired. Henry gazed on her with amazement. He had once admired her

playfulness, and revered her sensibility; but an undaunted energy was now thrown into her manner, which, hallowed as it was by being called forth in a father's cause, (no matter what that father might be,) took, in his estimation, a tone nothing less than sublime. With the praise which he mentally bestowed, bitter regret was mingled, springing from the reflection that he might no longer hope to call his, one so lovely; one so capable of mitigating adversity, and of embellishing prosperity; and one in whom the flame of sacred nature burnt so pure and bright, that in the moment of peril, it could supply manly valour where all was softness before; and almost transform the fluttering, thoughtless Syren, into an Amazon.

CHAP. VI.

"This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views;
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain."

COWPER.

THOUGH but very poor accommodation could be afforded to an invalid at that time, Brinkman appeared to revive, though his state remained such that he could not be removed.

A dismally dark, damp, and foggy day succeeded that on which Henry had pressed Louisa to retire to a place of safety. It was ushered in by a firing of artillery, which commenced shortly after six o'clock in the morning; and at ten the thunder roared along the whole of the extended lines of the opposing hosts.

The clouds began to disperse, and, amidst the alarm and confusion which prevailed, there were not wanting those who were content to expose their lives, to gratify their curiosity with a view of the battle. But without stirring from Leipzig, the mass of the inhabitants had ample opportunities of contemplating some of the most striking features of war. Before the close of the first day of that tremendous conflict, hundreds of poor wretches mutilated, faint, and still bleeding, were seen in every part of the town, seeking, but in vain, for relief. The corn-magazine had been cleared for the reception of these unfortunate beings. This place could not contain more than from two to three thousand patients ; but tickets were given at the outer gate of the city to more than thrice that number. Some who had left a limb on the field, hoping to receive medical assistance and refreshment, made a desperate attempt to reach the hospital,

and, exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood, sunk down, apparently in a dying state, on their way. Here they would remain for a time, silent and motionless, and then partly rise and implore the passing stranger to bestow a glass of water. In some instances the request was complied with from feelings of humanity, in others from fear; for the inhabitants, accustomed to hear from the French the most confident anticipations of victory, and remembering their successes in all parts of the Continent, were credulous enough to believe, when commanded to celebrate a victory on the first day of the battle, that the issue of the struggle was no longer doubtful. The bells of the churches sounded merry peals, while the cannonade still continued, and while the wounded, the dying, and the dead, belonging to the French army, strewn in frightful disorder all the streets of Leipzig. Some of the sufferers, on gaining the hospital to which they had received a ticket of

admission, had the misery to find that it was already filled, and that they had to remain unsheltered, unrefreshed, and unattended, in the midst of a crowd of miserable beings, victims of the same calamity, who were groaning, praying, swearing, and frantickly calling for relief, without the slightest prospect of obtaining it.

The following day was Sunday, and both parties, as if from respect for the Sabbath, seemed reluctant to renew the work of slaughter. A partial cannonading was occasionally heard, but the enormous masses, ranged in opposition to each other on the preceding day, had retired to some distance from the grand theatre on which the awful tragedy was performed.

Many who had failed to obtain relief in the city, sought it in the suburbs, and with piteous moans implored the compassion of the inhabitants. Some of the latter recognised, in the supplicants, those

who, but a day or two before, had outraged them in all the gaiety of anticipated triumph, and exulted in the contrast between their present misery and their recent insolence.

Henry seldom left the cottage; but this day, having ventured a few yards from it, on his return he found the lower apartment occupied by a French lieutenant, who, wounded himself in the right hand, had, with the assistance of a sutler, conveyed a brother-officer thus far, whose leg had been shattered, bringing with him, at the same time, an apothecary's apprentice by main force. He had seated the patient on the ground, and he now ordered the boy to amputate the injured limb.

With tears in his eyes, the youth asserted his inability to comply with the mandate, but his hesitation was ascribed to perverseness, and the lieutenant reproachfully replied, partly in the French, and partly in the German language, that

he would have been able to perform such an operation for a Prussian, an Austrian, or a Cossack, but that because this poor man had been guilty of first seeing the day in France, he was determined not to aid him. His friend, he added, must lose his life if the leg were not taken off, and therefore it should be done; and the apprentice of the apothecary was further informed, with something of playful humour, that was strangely at variance with the earnestness and sensibility of the former part of this speech, that if he longer objected to render a poor wounded man so trifling a favour as that of detaching a limb, he (the lieutenant) would confer a greater obligation than that which he had craved for his suffering companion, on the intended operator himself, by amputating his head.

The Frenchman never doubted but he was doing the kindest and most judicious thing in the world, when he thus insisted

that a poor ignorant boy should take upon himself to act the part of a surgeon, by his luckless countryman. Aware that he was incompetent, the youth had very properly shrunk back from the work, but finding that his diffidence served but to incense Lieutenant Le Blun, (that was the name of the officer who *commanded* on this occasion); finding indeed, that there was no alternative, he most reluctantly took the knife in hand. Le Blun exhorting his friend to bear the operation like a soldier and a Frenchman, and withal assuring him that the pain would be trifling, took charge of one of his arms, and the suttler, who had been pressed into the service as well as the apprentice, having secured the other, the grand business commenced, and the lad, aiming a little above the joint, soon made a gash of very respectable appearance. Le Blun already began to chuckle on the successful accomplishment of the undertaking, not failing to remind the

sufferer, that he had told him the pain was not worth mentioning. The apprentice, cheered by the applause which he understood to be called forth by his surgical skill, proceeded with more intrepidity than at first. But matters did not go on quite so swimmingly; and the awkward digs and saws that he made, though borne with exemplary calmness and admirable fortitude by Le Blun and his suttle-assistant, were found in no small degree inconvenient to a third party. He, put to his mettle by the exhortation of his friend, had in the first instance, determined not to utter a word while the operation was performing, and, in pursuance of this resolution, his nether lip had been deliberately introduced between his teeth, and now, from extremity of pain, it was fairly bitten through. Though his mouth was closed, and a free expression denied to his agony, he continued to groan very audibly. He endeavoured to restrain

himself more than he had previously done, but his eyes rolled wildly, and his writhings made that confession of extreme pain, which he was most anxious to subdue, and no particular injunction having been laid on his hands, one of them, in the height of his torture, grasped the suttler by the small of the thigh with such energy, as nearly to take a piece out of it. This produced a manifestation of sympathy, such as he had shown for no former sufferer, and the suttler bounded from the spot which he had previously occupied, with a degree of velocity that was extremely creditable to his agility, and which, in fact, could not have been surpassed, had he been backed by the propelling power of a sixty-four pounder. The confusion consequent on this sudden start, enabled the apprentice to get to the outside of the house, and being there, he took to his heels, without detaining Monsieur Le Blun to bid him adieu.

Henry now addressed the Lieutenant in French, but happening to hesitate a little, from not being much in the habit of conversing in that language, he was promptly relieved from the difficulty by Le Blun.

“Speak out, speak out in English, I shall understand you. I perceive by your accent that you are from that island, which has given France so much trouble, and I have picked up the English tongue in Spain, so you need put yourself to no pain to hold a conversation with me.”

“I can have little difficulty,” replied Henry, “in expressing in either language all that I have to say. I would merely point out that this is a private house, plundered, and almost pulled down, as you may see by those who have been here before. An invalid is already in it, and you would therefore show kindness to your friend, (as well as to the owner of this poor abode,) if you would cause him to be removed to some place

where he may receive that attention of which he stands in need, and which he cannot find here."

"*C'est un bon avis.* That is very good advice I must own, but my dear fellow, how the devil am I to act on it? I would not have taken the trouble of bringing this man here, if I could have found any other place to put him in. He and I had agreed, that if it were possible, in the event of one being wounded, the other should carry him to a place of security. I have endeavoured to keep my word, but the *scelerat*, the surgeon that I brought with me, has made his escape."

"But I hope you will find some fitter accommodation for the wounded man."

"You are very good, but I am afraid it is not possible." Le Blun spoke with good-humoured gravity, and not with the slightest intention of being sarcastic or insolent. "However, it don't signify much to him. You see he has fainted

already from loss of blood. I dare say he won't trouble you long."

"But, Sir, you should remember, as I told you before, that this is a private house."

"*C'est la guerre.* Your English cry, of 'every man's house is his castle,' cannot be respected in times like these. We are obliged to scramble on as we can, and you will not be used worse than your neighbours, if we turn your house into a French hospital."

Burleigh warmly complained of this treatment from friends and allies. The Frenchman as warmly retorted; but finished by directing the attention of Henry to the situation of his companion, and by an appeal to his humanity, equally eccentric and touching. The latter could not insist upon forcing the exhausted sufferer into the street; and the former promised to look for some other place where he could be screened from the in-

clemency of the weather ; and to remove him, if possible, in an hour or two.

He was just retiring, when two other French officers made their appearance, attended by several soldiers, and a servant. Without taking any notice of Henry, or making any enquiry, they ordered the men to make every thing ready for the reception of a general officer, who had been severely wounded, and for whom no secure lodging had been prepared.

Henry attempted to speak, but they reiterated the order previously given, without attending for a moment to what he had to say. Le Blun now interfered, and assured the party that the inhabitants of that house were exceedingly well affected towards the French ; and had just kindly received one wounded man. He added, that the proprietor was himself confined to his bed by indisposition ; and he earnestly entreated that these circumstances might be taken into con-

sideration, and the order just issued revoked.

The reply was very brief. It came to this, that whoever the owner of the house might be, he must instantly leave it at all risks, as the case was one that admitted of no delay.

Le Blun called Henry aside. "I am sorry for this business," said he; "but there's no help for it. Whatever you may say or do redress is out of the question; and '*c'est la guerre*' will be the answer to all that you may urge. There is a good strong truck at the door, in which some of the neighbours were removing a bed-ridden old woman, who actually expired from terror when she had got thus far. They have left her; I'll hoist her out of it; and if you like to move your friend in it, I'll assist you."

"He is not in a state to be moved."

"But there's no alternative. '*C'est la guerre*' is all that you will hear, urge his distressing case as long as you will. Now,

entre nous, the best thing you can do is to avail yourself of this opportunity. Bad as matters are to-day, they will be worse to-morrow, when the battle will again rage in all its former fury. Out your friend must go. I am in doubt whether mine will be suffered to stay where he is; but when houses are in such request that even Frenchmen are liable to be compelled to leave, of course the owners can't expect permission to remain."

There was but too much reason in what Le Blun had said. To Henry it appeared that there was no choice left; and when he reflected on the frightful situation in which Louisa was placed where they then were, he listened with interest to the advice which Le Blun went on to give, that he should make his way for Schonfeld, and then endeavour to reach Duben, where he thought he might stop with tolerable safety; for, said he, in a whisper, "Though I have no doubt the Emperor will gain the victory, we

have suffered so much that we shall not be able to pursue the enemy. We shall soon pay Berlin a visit ; but for the present you will be pretty safe on any of the roads that lead to it, when you get ten or twenty miles from Leipzig."

It was now necessary to inform Brinkman of what was intended. He had, however, already learned from the soldiers who had entered his chamber, that he could no longer be allowed to remain in his own house. They had lifted him from the bed when Henry approached. At this moment Le Blun entered, and in an authoritative tone ordered them to take every care of him in lifting him down stairs. A blanket and a great coat were thrown into the truck, and on these the wasted form of the emaciated Brinkman was deposited. Louisa, who had remained close to him all the time, now placed a few small articles, of which he was likely to stand in need, by his side, and a small leathern bag she entreated

Henry to take, for the present into his care. The servant, terrified at the danger which appeared on every side, was glad, on any terms, to quit Leipzig, and applied himself with great alacrity to move the vehicle. Le Blun offered to see them out of the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and invited Louisa to take his arm. Henry was satisfied that this was done with a view of protecting her against the rude remarks to which a female might have been exposed from the soldiery, and pressed upon her the expediency of availing herself of the offer. He applied himself to guide and steady the truck, which now moved forward in the direction recommended by Le Blun.

With some difficulty they made their way through the crowds of troops and inhabitants, and the droves of oxen destined for their sustenance, which had been brought there. This done, Le Blun took his leave to return to his

friend, and they continued their melancholy journey.

Brinkman scarcely uttered a word; his face was unusually pale, and wore an air of mournful resignation. The sallow hue of his hands seemed to arrest his attention; and he sometimes moved his fingers, as if he wished to satisfy himself that he had still the power of doing so. When some well-known object forced itself on his view, he appeared to bestow on it a sad, a lingering farewell look, — a look that indicated a settled conviction that he was to behold it no more. Louisa occasionally pressed his hand, to assure him that she was the companion of his flight. The pressure he faintly returned, and then a tear would indicate agitation, which the sufferer was vainly anxious to conceal. The negligence of the servant, in one part of the road, had almost overturned the truck, when Henry, applying both hands to it, righted it by main force. At this moment, for the first

time since the night on which Brinkman confessed his guilt, their eyes met. A convulsive distortion of feature, on the part of the sick man, was the immediate consequence. The next moment this was at an end. A determined effort had been made to dismiss all emotion, but the calmness which succeeded was equally awful, resembling, as it did the ghastly composure of death.

— on it a sad, a lingering farewell look, a look that indicated a settled conviction that he was to behold it no more. Louisa occasionally pressed his hand, to assure him that she was the companion of his flight. The pressure he faintly returned, and then a tear would indicate agitation, which the sufferer was vainly anxious to conceal. The negligence of the servant, in one part of the road, had almost overturned the truck, when Henry, applying both hands to it, righted it by main force. At this moment, for the first

CHAP. VII.

"Alasse, alasse ! thinke what a thing love is ; why it is like to an ostry faggot, that, once set on fire, is as hardly to be quenched, as the bird crocodill driven out of her nest."

LODGE and GREENE.

THEY continued to move slowly forward through the whole of the night. At Schonfeld they could obtain no accommodation, and after a very coarse as well as scanty meal, they pursued their journey, following the road to Duben. Henry often relieved the servant by dragging or pushing forward the truck, and Louisa, disdaining to acknowledge fatigue or fear, could not be restrained, without difficulty, from doing the same.

The first ray of returning light had hardly burst on the feverish eyes of the

travellers, when a tremendous roar of cannon, in the direction of Probstheide, announced the commencement of the bloody business of that important day. The hostile thunders were heard for many hours; volumes of black smoke were seen to rise from Leipzig, and the fugitives could not but conjecture that it had shared the fate of Moscow. Not knowing how far they might be from an inhabited place, they rested in the open air. A great coat was spread beneath the truck, and on this Brinkman was laid. Louisa took her seat by his side, resisting all temptations to sleep, and resolute to watch through the night. Henry and the servant courted repose under the shelter of a single blanket.

The roaring of the cannon died away in the course of the following morning, and the faint but distinct sound of exulting shouts, announced that it was at length ascertained to whom the victory belonged. A chilling thought came over

the mind of Henry, when he reflected on the possibility of retreat and pursuit taking that direction which he had been induced to prefer. He pictured to himself the horrible confusion in which they might be involved, if crowds of horse and foot soldiers, indiscriminately mingled, should pour along the road, closely followed by a powerful and blood-thirsty enemy; and while these frightful images pressed strongly on his tortured imagination, he repined at the comparatively short distance which they had travelled and zealously exerted himself to urge the vehicle forward on which the sick man reclined, in patient sorrow and melancholy silence.

From the efforts thus made, it moved considerably faster than it had previously done, and indeed faster than a man could conveniently walk. Louisa found it a task of some difficulty to keep up with it, but at this she repined not; and dis-

the open air.

daining to think of her own suffering, she rejoiced that the danger to which her father had been exposed was rapidly becoming more and more remote.

This inconvenient rapidity was not of long duration. While Henry exulted at the increased celerity of their advance, one of the wheels of the truck came off, and Brinkman sustained a shock which had nearly ejected him from the machine, and which, though he complained not, it was clear to every one, inflicted severe pain. Henry endeavoured to repair the evil; but he was an awkward mechanic, and the servant knew no more of such matters than he did. The result was, that their joint labours so imperfectly put the vehicle together, that they seldom advanced more than a hundred yards without experiencing a repetition of the accident; and when night closed in, they found it impossible to replace the wheel at all, and were again obliged to rest in the open air.

Day had scarcely dawned on the fugitives, when Henry endeavoured to put the truck in a state to proceed to the next village. While he, assisted by the servant, was thus engaged, they heard the sound of footsteps, and a man running with breathless haste soon appeared. On seeing them he started; but a moment after he advanced to Henry, and claimed acquaintance with him; and the latter, on scrutinising his countenance, recognised the French lieutenant.—

“*Diable!*”—exclaimed Le Blun. “You me frightened at first. How happens it that you have marched no further? I was in hopes that you would have got pretty well on to Duben by this. I have travelled faster than you.”

“I did not expect to see you travelling this way at all.”

“*C’est la guerre*,—as we say when we are plundering and burning the houses of our friends. *He bien!*—no matter.—Victory, faithless to her favourite,

has suffered misfortune again to approach the French eagles, and the great Napoleon may think himself lucky, if he gets back from Germany, as well as he did from Russia."

"What! — has he experienced so signal a defeat?" —

"O no! we were every where victorious; that is, we were on the point of being so, when our friends the Saxons — *O mon Dieu!* — had we been aware of them! — went over to the enemy; and their treachery proved our ruin."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Henry, in a tone that failed not to intimate to Le Blun, that the tidings of which he was the bearer were far from being disagreeable to the young Englishman.

"Ah!" said the lieutenant, "I see you rejoice in our calamity. *He bien!* I cannot blame you. Each for his country, and Heaven for us all! I hope however you will be too generous, though we are political enemies, to give up a poor fu-

gitive to his pursuers. Allow me to join your little caravan, and perhaps I may pass for an Englishman or a German.

Henry willingly granted the request of the Frenchman, and was not sorry to gain such an accession to his party. Le Blund had pretty well contrived to disguise himself. A pair of overalls, which were fastened with an immense number of buttons, he had put on that morning, in case of the worst; though, he added, he looked for nothing like this; and the jacket of a dead peasant, which he had slipped on when he found matters desperate, made him look as much like a postillion as a soldier. This attire, when his regiment was cut off from the main body of the army, which retreated by Markranstadt enabled him to pass off unsuspected to the Berlin road.

Aided by the active Frenchman, the truck was soon put in a condition to advance, and his continued assistance greatly accelerated their march. His

plan was to pass from Berlin to Hamburg as an Englishman, and from Hamburg he flattered himself that he could easily find his way to Altona, and there he should be safe among the allies of France. He talked over these plans with the utmost vivacity, while labouring to urge forward the humble conveyance with which he had been the means of accommodating the invalid. Sometimes he sung, and then laughed, at the strange varieties of war. Then he would mourn the sad reverses which Napoleon had known. Frequently he would breathe the most bitter maledictions on the Saxons for what he called "*une perfidie sans example*," and wish but to find himself opposed to them with an equal number of his countrymen. After this he would deplore the fate of his unfortunate friend, who had been burnt in the cottage, lately occupied by his present companions; and having finished the

doleful recital of this catastrophe, he would sing and laugh again.

A very natural anxiety to leave Leipzig as far behind as he could, without giving up what he conceived to be the advantage of his present company, caused him to display energies which were highly useful to those whom he had so opportunely, as well as so unexpectedly joined. Through his dexterity they were no longer retarded by the wheel of the truck, and without further accident, they arrived at Duben.

They took up their abode in a house, (the first that would receive them,) inconvenient in some respects, and mean in appearance. Brinkman appeared to have suffered very little from the hardships to which he had been exposed, and now that he could be better attended to, his wounds began rapidly to heal. The deepest melancholy sat on his brow; but he was no longer the corpse-like inanimate being that Henry had assisted to remove from Leipzig.

Le Blun remained with them as one of the family. Brinkman spoke of returning to Hamburgh; and it was agreed that Le Blun should accompany them thither. The lieutenant, always lively and entertaining, passed away many an hour in a pleasant manner, by the interesting narratives which he gave of the scenes he had witnessed in Spain, and the numerous anecdotes he had collected of the English prisoners, with whom much of his time had been passed in that country. To Henry it appeared that some of these were especially intended for the ear of Louisa, whose reviving beauty seemed to be often the subject of his earnest contemplation. One evening, Henry was just about to enter their sitting-room, when his attention was arrested by a high-flown compliment, which Le Blun was addressing to the young lady. He could not hear the end of it, but he lost not a syllable of the reply.

"This language, Sir," said Louisa, "you must not address to me. Your manner is offensive, and your flattery is rudeness."

She rose to leave the room—he seized her hand to retain her, and at this moment Henry made his appearance. Le Blun attempted unconcern, but looked abashed, and Louisa retired.

"By what right, Frenchman," Burleigh haughtily enquired, "have you dared to offend that lady?"

"*Diable!*" exclaimed Le Blun, speaking to himself, "*c'est mon sort.*" Then addressing himself to Henry; "to whom must I answer for it?"

"To me, Sir, and with your life. Had you the folly to think, because the father of Miss Brinkman is at present indisposed, that she was left without a protector?"

"'Tis of no use talking of it now," Le Blun replied, with another shrug.

"I did not think at all. No matter — you must have satisfaction. It's too late to take a shot to-night. Where shall we fight to-morrow?"

"At the nearest spot where we can meet without risk of interruption."

"I know a very good place," said the lieutenant. "And the hour?"

"The earliest."

"Day-break, you mean. *Tres bien*. But you must bring pistols for us both, for I am sorry to say I left mine at Leipzig."

"That shall be my care," said Henry.

Le Blun courteously bowed, as acknowledging a favour; took a pinch of snuff, and remarking that he must go to bed immediately as he had to rise so early, or he should be sleepy all day, bid his intended antagonist good evening, and went to his chamber.

Henry sought no sleep that night. He had never fired a pistol in his life;

the person he was to meet in a few hours, he had learned in their previous conversations, had been engaged in many affairs of honour; and remembering this, he could not but regard the issue of the duel as likely to prove fatal to himself. He felt no reluctance to meet danger, nor was he so fondly attached to life, as to deem its sacrifice of vast importance; but when he considered the impression the news of his death would make on his afflicted mother and sister; and when he reflected on the situation in which Louisa would be placed, left with a father, who could not defend her, and exposed to the attacks of a licentious young Frenchman, his heart shrank at the thought, and he was sensible of an inward emotion, which, however remote from cowardice, confessed the pressure of the most corroding anxiety.

In case he should fall, he thought it a solemn duty to vindicate the memory of

his father, in the few hours which remained to him, by making known the discovery which had satisfied him, that that father was no self-murderer. To state this, and to say something that should prepare his friends in England for a long silence on his part, seemed advisable. He sat down to write; but was so little master of his feelings, that when the letter was half written, he thought it any thing but what it ought to be, and committed it to the flames. He began another, but was so embarrassed, that to produce a line was frequently the work of half an hour. It was far from being finished, when he heard a light tap at the door of the room in which he usually slept. He advanced to the stairs, and called to know who was there. Le Blun answered:

“Ha! ha! what you are before me! *C'est bon*. Well, I thought I was in good time. But you English are the men for business.”

"I am ready, Sir."

"But, if you have not quite finished what you are about, I can wait. Do not put yourself out of the way to oblige me; but this is a nice quiet hour."

"I will not detain you, Sir," Henry replied, burning the unfinished letter, which he found he had no leisure to complete.

He took a pair of pistols which belonged to Brinkman. One fond lingering look he bestowed on the window of Louisa's chamber, as he quitted the house; and mentally offering a prayer for her present safety, and future happiness, he followed Le Blun.

The Frenchman seemed disposed to converse with his usual vivacity; but receiving brief and discouraging answers, he amused himself by singing a bacchanalian song as he proceeded, which he executed with as much unaffected ease as if he had been seated at the convivial

board, instead of being about to take part in a deadly conflict.

Having conducted Henry to a retired spot, he stopped.

“There,” said he, “is not this a nice place, — a pretty place, for a thing of this sort. Could you imagine any thing more snug and comfortable?”

“It will do.”

“Well! Now as we have no friends, each must be his own friend. Do you load the pistols, and give me which you please.”

Henry loaded them, and desired Le Blun to take his choice.

Le Blun, with a careless and playful air, took one, and remarked, with an appearance of satisfaction, that the worst part of the business was now over, and the rest would soon be got through with. He proposed to give the words “one,” “two,” “three;” both to turn, and fire as he pronounced the last word.

To this Henry assented; and, requested by the Frenchman to choose his ground, took his stand at what he understood to be the usual duelling distance from Le Blun.

"We had better come two paces nearer," said the Lieutenant.

With this ferocious request, as it appeared to him, Henry complied in sullen silence.

"That will do," said Le Blun, in a tone of lively approbation. "Now, then, are you ready?"

"Quite."

"One — Two — Three!"

Both turned round, and Henry fired.

"You have missed," cried Le Blun.

"Come, load again."

"But you have not returned my fire."

"That was the fault of my awkwardness, and none of yours. It will go off next time."

"Till you have discharged your pistol at me, I cannot fire again."

“Are you satisfied, then?”
 “Not till you have fired.”
 “There, then,” said Le Blun, dis-
 charging his pistol in the air.

“But why did you not aim at me?”
 enquired Henry.

“Because my heart told me that I
 was wrong before; and I did not think
 that taking away your life was exactly
 the way in which a Frenchman should
 atone for his error. I therefore de-
 termined to expose myself to your ven-
 geance, but not to deprive Miss Brink-
 man of her lover, for such I now perceive
 I am to consider you.”

“Perhaps you are again in error. But
 since this business must terminate, allow
 me to caution you——”

“I will not. — *Pardonnez moi.* — Yes,
 I will allow you to do anything; but
 you need not warn me against a repe-
 tition of that conduct which brought me
 here. For Mademoiselle Louisa, I will
 view her as a sister, — hallow her as a

saint, — and, if necessary, fight for her like a soldier of the grand army, or may I never see France again, and never enjoy the dear delight of cutting a Saxon to pieces.”

CHAP. VIII.

“ Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns as Fortune shifts the scene.”

LORD LANSDOWNE.

“ GIVE up your pistols !” cried a hoarse voice, in the German language ; and four men approached the reconciled antagonists.

Henry concluded these to be police officers, and gave up his pistol at once. Le Blun, under the same impression, after assuring the parties that all was over and that they were now better friends than ever, on the demand being repeated, complied as his companion had done.

That moment each was rudely seized by two of the fellows who had accosted

them in the way above described, and who, instead of being members of the police, belonged to a gang of robbers. The noise of fire-arms had led them to suppose that some of their brother marauders had been attacked, and they cautiously crept from their lurking places to the spot whence the sound proceeded. There, perceiving two persons in the situation of Henry and Le Blun, they considered them likely to offer a convenient booty, and sprung on them accordingly.

Taken by surprise as they were, it was in vain to struggle. The robbers effected their purpose. Le Blun's pockets were emptied, and Henry saw the small bag which he had received from Louisa at Leipzig, and which he had reason to believe contained all the cash that Brinkman had at his command, carried off in triumph.

The robbers bound Henry and his companion with their handkerchiefs, and

did not depart till they had threatened that the most severe vengeance should promptly requite any endeavour to give an alarm, or to pursue them.

These menaces, though not uttered without a very sincere intention of making them good in the cases supposed, did not deter those to whom they were addressed from resolving to follow the ruffians. A violent effort was made by each to obtain freedom for his hands. That of Le Blun was successful, and he immediately released his late antagonist, and had no sooner done this than he set off at full speed in pursuit of the marauders. Henry did the same; but the superior speed of the Frenchman left him considerably in the rear. The ruffians, however, had made good their retreat, and Le Blun returned much disconcerted at having been plundered, and bitterly lamenting that he had not come up with the *voleurs*, (whom he pretended to have recognised as Saxons,) that they might

have had a fair trial of strength, with a soldier of the grand army.

Though this termination of the business was less calamitous than it might have been, Henry felt not a little embarrassed at the situation in which he found himself. He was confident that all the money which Brinkman had with him had been taken by the thieves; the very little cash which Henry possessed had also been carried off at the same time, and Le Blun having shared the same misfortune, he more than suspected to be at the end of his resources. The prudence of the people with whom they had come in contact at Duben, had spared them all the inconveniences of getting into debt, by demanding instant payment for every thing; but how to procure refreshments for the day, and yet more, how to provide a conveyance to Berlin, were considerations which annoyed him not a little; and he shrunk with indescribable disgust from the task

of explaining to Louisa, the uncomfortable and forlorn state to which they were reduced — and reduced by him. He hinted these things to Le Blun, who, however, promptly dismissed the subject with a laugh, at the same time remarking, that pecuniary matters never gave him any trouble, and advising Henry to make up his mind to treat the business in the same way.

Burleigh was little pleased with the levity of Le Blun on this occasion. He was much better satisfied with him on their return, when he expressed with the utmost earnestness to Louisa, his contrition for the offence which he had given her on the preceding night, and promised, with all humility and apparent sincerity, to be so circumspect in his conduct for the time to come, as to offer the fullest atonement for the past.

It was necessary to proceed towards Berlin. Henry was considering by what means a vehicle could be procured, when

it struck him that Brinkman might have some valuables, which could be left as a security for payment, when he should arrive at a place from which he might be able to transmit the necessary cash. But before any arrangement of this kind could be concluded, it seemed indispensable that he should apprise the invalid of their actual situation. This was in every respect a painful task, from the difficulty of concealing the misconduct of Le Blun. But there was no alternative, and trusting to the moment to offer a satisfactory excuse for the thoughtless Frenchman, he forced himself into the apartment of Brinkman.

The patient was sitting up, and appeared better in health than he had been on any preceding day. He looked steadfastly at Henry as he entered; and, while still continuing his gaze, a tear glistened in his awfully expressive eye.

Henry desired to know if he was at leisure for a few moments; and being

answered in the affirmative, he was proceeding to state in general terms, that having imprudently ventured out in the morning accompanied by Le Blun, he had been so unfortunate as to meet with robbers.

“ I know what you would say,” cried Brinkman, “ and see what your gallant generosity would conceal. You would tell me that you have been plundered through your own imprudence, but would leave untold the fact, that that imprudence consisted in defending my child from insult. But the ingenuous Frenchman has already told me all; and with such an earnestness of manner, that I, with all that suspicion which calamitous experience generally makes the hateful attendant of advanced life, believe his repentance sincere. We are now, then, it seems wholly without money. This is a circumstance of some embarrassment in troublesome times like these, as the

means, that in ordinary cases might be resorted to, are no longer available."

"I have been thinking——"

"This, however," continued Brinkman, not perceiving that Henry was about to speak, "is a matter of little importance compared with that which presses on my mind. You, Mr. Burleigh, have attended me through the most frightful perils. I know not whether this was in kindness or in vengeance; but believing it to be the former, (for purer spirits can know compassion even for the guilty,) I feel that if it were the latter, it would have been no inefficient blow." After a pause, he proceeded:

"It is my misery to receive the most important services, from one who would have been justified in pursuing me with the most deadly animosity. I did not believe that my perishing clay could have been dragged thus far, and every morning that opened on me, I expected would terminate my career, consign this wasted

frame to its parent dust, and dismiss the inhabiting demon to its last dark abode."

He ceased, and bitter reflection seemed to have withdrawn from him the power of further articulation. Henry had many questions to ask, when a fit opportunity should offer. He thought the time for putting them had now arrived. He attempted to recall the various enquiries which he had intended to make, but could not trust his tongue to utter one.

"I doubt," Brinkman resumed, "whether I have power to recount to you such particulars of my wretched life, as you are interested in knowing; but if not now, I hope in a very few days to give you so much of my history, as relates to that to which your attention must naturally be directed, but to which, at this moment, I dare not do more than allude."

"I have anxiously wished to speak to you on this subject," said Henry; "but the recollection of the violent agitation

which the mention of it once occasioned, has deterred me from pressing it, and even from appearing before you."

"You did well. — I do not implore your mercy ; but for your own sake, I would have you spare me yet a little. I wish to regain health, not with a view of living to what the maddening multitude call enjoyment ; but in order to do that which may be some expiation for my fearful wanderings."

Henry feared to urge him to speak on the painful topic, but listened in breathless expectation, while Brinkman proceeded :

"I was not always the sombre, sullen wretch that I have been since it was your fortune to know me. The lurid sky which now frowns on my destiny, did not always appal. In the morning of my life, a bright and cloudless career seemed before me, and aspiring hope dared to revel in prospects, which realised, had made me the happiest being

on earth. Alas! human happiness, faint, trembling and unassured, as the taper which lights the pale vestal to the devotions of early morning, every passing blast can annihilate. But forgive the hesitation of a culprit, and the garrulity of an old man."

"Proceed, Sir."

"I will not enlarge on the vicissitudes which I knew in my younger days. You will be more interested in what relates to that horrible event, by which you were deprived of a parent, and by which my life was forfeited to the violated laws of my country——"

At this moment Le Blun entered.

"I come in without ceremony," said he, "for time is precious. I have engaged a waggon to convey us all to Berlin. Dinner is now prepared under my directions, and we have only to eat it and depart."

"I will join you immediately," said Henry.

Le Blun retired, and Henry followed, Brinkman having requested that he would do so, as he wished to avoid beginning his narrative till they should be secure from interruption. "In the mean time," said he, "let your horror at finding yourself so long in my society, be in some degree subdued by the reflection, that I am and will be completely in your power, and that my object is not to escape punishment, but to atone for guilt."

Henry expected that a sparing dinner would have been prepared; but was infinitely surprised when he beheld what, circumstanced as they were, might be called a splendid banquet, set out by order of the Frenchman. He was irritated at this conduct, at a time when Le Blun knew that his companions had not the means of paying for the most frugal repast.

"Really, Sir," he remarked, "there was no occasion for such a dinner as this."

“Bah ! Bah !” cried the other. “Did I not counsel you never to think of money matters. Let us live while we can, and make sure of to-day, and trust as little as possible to to-morrow. Is not that the advice Horace gives? ‘*Carpe diem, quàm,—*’ but I forget the words. We, who have so much to do with dead men, cannot pay much attention to dead languages.”

Henry made no reply.

“Come, come,” said Le Blun, “eat heartily, and make Miss Brinkman do the same ; for we shall stand a good chance of being half-starved on the road. Enjoy the present good, and leave me to settle the reckoning.”

“I know not in what way you propose to do that. Did not the banditti we encountered in the morning empty your pockets?”

“To do their rascality justice, they left me not a single franc, or the worth of one, in any pocket I possess.”

“ Then in what way can you meet an expense so unnecessarily incurred ? ”

“ You shall see,” replied Le Blun ; and cutting four or five covered buttons off from his overalls, he threw them on the table. “ There,” he continued, “ I’ll make the people content to receive them.”

Henry saw in this but a display of witless levity ; and remarked, with an air of displeasure, that such boyish trifling was out of its place at that moment. He had asked a question of some importance to their convenience, and did not expect to be met with a sorry jest and a pretence of paying for a dinner with buttons.

Le Blun seemed for a moment to enjoy the chagrin which he had provoked ; but soon applied the knife to the supposed buttons, when each disclosed an English guinea.

Henry manifested surprise.

And Le Blun manifested surprise also.

“ It is a great misfortune,” said he, “ to know any language but one’s mother tongue. Accustomed for some years to speak, write, and think in English, I as frequently arrange my memoranda or notes in that language as in French. Before I left Paris to join the grand army, I had these overalls provided with buttons, containing the money of the several countries with the natives of which, I thought it probable that I might have something to do. These I disposed of alphabetically, and expected my English money would be found in the place of the letter E, but I perceive that I entered it in my bullion account as A, and have now got into *Angleterre* when I wanted *Allemagne*. But *n’importe*, English guineas will pass all the world over.”

Henry, of course, had nothing more to say in the way of reproof, but could only express regret that he and his companions should be in a situation that made

it necessary for them to profit by the liberality of a stranger.

“It is not so,” cried Le Blun. “My misconduct took you this morning where you were plundered of that which would have sufficed to carry you with comfort to the end of your journey, if your humanity had not consented to assist your discomfited enemy in his efforts to escape. I therefore ought in common justice, not only to charge myself with the whole of the expenses that may be incurred while we travel together, but even make good what you have lost. But on this subject we have no time for contention now: the waggon is here.”

The gold produced by the Lieutenant soon adjusted every thing to the satisfaction of their host. Brinkman, assisted by Henry and Le Blun, ascended the vehicle with Louisa, and it moved on towards Berlin.

Much bustle, and some confusion, prevailed on the road. The waggon was

frequently stopped by persons anxious to enquire the news from Leipzig. When they reached the city of Berlin, which they entered at night, they found it illuminated in honour of the victory. This was a sorrowful sight for Le Blun, who failed not to breathe new maledictions on the Saxons, to whom he imputed all the disasters of the French army. At the post-house a crowd was collected, and some women were seen in tears. Le Blun, for a moment, cherished the hope that the genius of Napoleon had enabled him to retrieve his affairs; but when he saw the lamps which decorated many of the houses, a transparency or two, and heard the exulting shouts of the Cossacks, who were lounging about some of the streets, he adopted the more probable supposition, that the grief he had seen was occasioned by the loss of relations who had perished in the fight; and consoled himself by reflecting that such were the vicissitudes of war, that it was not

unlikely the conquerors of that day, would soon be seen among the vanquished of another.

Brinkman remained no longer at Berlin than was necessary to provide himself with the means of travelling without having recourse to the overalls of Le Blun. He now announced it to be his intention to return to England, and with Henry and Louisa retraced their former steps. At Hamburgh Le Blun, who had most religiously observed his promise with respect to Louisa, took his leave, with the intention, as he said, of smuggling himself into Altona. While bidding Henry adieu for the last time,

“I am sorry,” said he, “that we must part, and that too with little prospect of meeting again as friends. I hate to think of politics; but I cannot help feeling that we have just reason to be ashamed of the places in which we first saw the day.”

“Why so?”

“Because our stupid old countries,

England and France, that might be, in amity, at once the boast and masters of the universe, and whom God and nature have supplied with the means of being invaluable friends, separated by their follies and unworthy prejudices, seem resolute to remain eternal enemies.”

CHAP. IX.

“ Give me thy hand. But, ah ! it cannot save me
From the dire king of terrors, whose cold power
Creeps o’er my heart.” THOMSON.

WHEN Pierrepont returned from Nottingham, bringing with him the physician, he hastened with all speed to the cottage of Calthorpe. Here he found Sir James seated by the sick man’s bed, and watching every turn of his countenance with the most anxious solicitude. Calthorpe had been insensible for hours, and violent convulsions had threatened dissolution ; but the danger was somewhat diminished, and the sufferer was comparatively calm, but remained speechless.

The physician administered what he hoped would afford some relief; but expressed himself very decidedly as to the fatal character of Calthorpe's disease, which it was his opinion could not fail to extinguish life in the course of the next twenty-four hours.

When the doctor had retired, Pierrepont, not less anxious than Sir James, remained by the dying man. Though entitled to little respect, Calthorpe was the only being who had ever manifested any feeling towards Pierrepont that could be mistaken for that of a parent, and he could not see any one in his present situation without emotion.

Seated on each side of the bed, they gazed on the sick man, scarcely speaking to, or seeing each other, for more than an hour, when they remarked a degree of intelligence in the expression of his eyes, which had not been observable before. He appeared to recognise his

attendants, and his regards alternately rested on each.

“Do you know us?” enquired Pierrepont.

Calthorpe could make no reply; but in his countenance there was that which distinctly indicated to both, that he heard and understood the question, and would fain have answered in the affirmative.

To Sir James, this moment of returning reason appeared important; and it occurred to him, that it might be possible to obtain answers to questions which he was disposed to put, though he should never hear Calthorpe speak again. He proceeded to make the experiment.

“Can you understand what I say?” he enquired of the dying man. “If you wish to answer ‘yes,’ press my hand.”

A pause ensued, as if the failing senses of the person addressed were slow to comprehend the appeal made to them.

The speaker was just coming to the conclusion that he was not understood, when Calthorpe complied with his request.

Sir James started, and an expression of lively satisfaction sat on his countenance, while, with the utmost eagerness, he went on to ask,—

“ Did you tell me the truth, with respect to certain papers that I wished to possess ?”

Calthorpe pressed his hand.

“ Are they now in the hands of the party you then mentioned ?”

He was answered as before.

“ Do you mean, that they are now in the hands of your son ?”

No pressure was returned. Sir James manifested surprise at this.

“ How !” he exclaimed, “ not in the hands of your son ! Is he living ?”

A long pause followed, and the baronet concluded that his question was not heard. He proceeded:

“ Is he living ?”

No answer was given.

“Is James dead?”

Calthorpe pressed his hand.

“Is it so!” cried Sir James, with a vivacity that seemed almost to partake of the character of delight. “Has he been dead long?”

He was again answered by the sign which he had proposed should indicate an affirmative.

“But if he is no more—if he has long been dead, how can the papers be in the hands of the same party? Your answers are at variance with each other.”

The old man seemed to grow fainter. Pierrepont, who was anxiously waiting to put a question in his turn, hinted to Sir James the expediency of giving the patient some rest, before any new attempt was made to gain further information.

No notice was taken of this suggestion, and Sir James continued his interrogatories.

“ I understand that he has long been dead. How old was he when he died ?” Then recollecting that to such a question it was not in the power of Calthorpe to reply, he endeavoured to frame his question differently. “ Was he of age when he died ?”

To this no return was made, and Sir James next asked,

“ Did he die while he was only a boy ?”

It was long before Calthorpe replied, which he at last did, by pressing the hand which held his : at the same moment he made an effort at speech and pointed to Pierrepont. It was impossible to make out what he was anxious to say, and the gesture was equally inexplicable.

Sir James would fain have put other questions to the sick man ; but it was plain that he no longer possessed the faculty of hearing, or the power of replying even by a sign. The little strength that remained to him was exhausted by

his last attempt at speech ; it was succeeded by a slight convulsion, and a few moments afterwards he expired.

The ghastly aspect of death can seldom be contemplated without emotion, by those least open to the charge of excessive sensibility. A tear burst involuntarily from the eyes of Pierrepont, while he closed those of his supposed father, and he resumed his seat, inwardly breathing a prayer for the spirit just disengaged from its "mortal coil." He reclined over the inanimate form with unaffected sorrow. But Sir James was still more violently affected. No tear descended on his cheek. The feverish glow which invaded it, seemed to have dried up the waters by which nature ordinarily relieves herself from a portion of her anguish ; and he alternately struck his breast and wrung his hands, or with folded arms stalked gloomily about the room.

"Our task is ended," he at length

said. "We may now retire. It is in vain to watch by the shadow, when the substance has fled."

Pierrepoint made no reply; but threw a lingering look on the dead body.

"You seem much affected;" Sir James continued, "by the death of this old man."

"The transition from life to death is always awful; but in the present instance I am affected more than I could be on any common occasion. The being, now restored to his parent dust, I believe to be my father."

"Indeed!"

"That he was such, I have little doubt; and though his conduct towards me was not always such as should endear a father to a son, yet there is something so sacred in that relationship, as you, I am sure, will be ready to acknowledge, that in a moment like the present, all the errors, all the negligence, all the dissipation in which the

deceased may have indulged, to the prejudice of his offspring, cease to be remembered, and give up the bosom that is open to the impressions of filial piety to undivided sorrow."

"True — true — true," repeated Sir James, looking at Pierrepont with steady gaze, scarcely hearing, but at intervals, what he said, and turning over in his mind the intelligence which he had just received.

"When he attempted to speak," said the Baronet, "and pointed to you, what could he mean?"

"I can only conjecture that it was his object to recommend me to your indulgence, when he should be no more."

"I suppose," replied Sir James, "that must have been his meaning. What leads you to conclude that you are his son?"

"The anxiety and regard of which I have been occasionally the object. He had several illegitimate children, as I

have been informed, and I see no reason to doubt that I am one of them.”

“He was a strange man. While obliged to condemn his wretched roguery, I could not help regarding him with kindness, as you have seen. He made but a sorry return for all I did for him.”

“That, I am no stranger to.”

“He knew that I would not expose his misconduct.”

“I have heard him say so.”

“But you know not the injury that he has done me. He has possessed himself of papers which, however useless to every body else, are invaluable to me. Within this hour he gave me to understand that they were in other hands. Whether or not he is to be believed—whether he could bring himself to speak truth on his death-bed, is more than I can answer for. I feel disposed to make a search before I quit this house. The papers which it was his resolution to keep from me whilst he lived, may possibly

be found here. He used to keep them in a small iron box."

"Was it a square box, with the words, '*Multum in parvo*,' on it?"

"I never saw it but once; but I remember it was square, and that there were letters on it. As he was an attorney's clerk when young, it is not very unlikely that he might have picked up Latin enough to supply such a motto."

"If that is the box, I have it in my possession."

"Is it possible!—How old are you?"

The apparent absurdity of trifling at such a moment to ask his age, took Pierrepont so much by surprise, that he hesitated for some moments before he could reply, that he was then completing his twenty-second year.

"I," said Sir James speaking half aside, "am nearly nine and thirty." He was silent for some moments; then, resuming his former tone, he remarked the box must be worthless to any one but

himself, and that Pierrepont, convinced of this, could have no objection to restore it to its lawful owner.

To this Pierrepont consented, and Sir James represented to him, that it must have been the object of the dying man to tell him to do this, when he pointed to him in his last moments and vainly endeavoured to speak. Joy sparkled in his eyes, when he found that no obstacle was opposed by his secretary to that surrender which he so earnestly urged; and he assured Pierrepont, that his gratitude would make that, which at present had no earthly value to him, a source of wealth and comfort. He requested to have it put in his possession without a moment's delay.

“I should be willing,” was the reply, “to hand it over to you this night, if it were possible.”

“If it were possible!—and why is it not possible?”

“ Because, attaching little or no importance to it, I have carelessly left it in London, with some lumber and trunks which I could not bring with me.”

“ Indeed! — That is provoking! But no matter. We will start for London directly in a chaise-and-four.”

Pierrepoint would willingly have put off the journey till after the funeral of Calthorpe; but all the objections which he could urge on that score were overruled in rapid succession. Sir James would give orders that the funeral should be properly performed in their absence; or, if Pierrepoint wished it, the body should be kept above ground till they returned. In fine, he was so pressing that not an hour's delay should be suffered before they commenced their journey, that Pierrepoint gave up the wish of attending the remains of Calthorpe to the grave, and agreed to take that course which had been so strenuously, not to say impetuously, recommended.

All was soon ready for their departure. Called by Sir James to step into the carriage, Pierrepont still hesitated. The recollection of the ruined tower made him feel most reluctant to depart. He would fain have lingered on the spot, to ascertain whether indeed the being whose situation occupied his mind, was Harriet. It seemed highly improbable that Miss Burleigh should be there in confinement; yet, when he remembered the letter which had been brought under his observation, recalled what he had heard of the former passion of Sir James, and combined the ideas thence arising with the attempt once made to carry her off from Richmond, which had only been frustrated by accident; not all his respect for Sir James could satisfy him, that the inmate of the tower was the maniac of whom he had heard. But when he reflected, that if indeed Miss Burleigh was in danger, it could only be from Sir James; and that as the

Baronet was to be the companion of his journey, that danger, whatever it might be, must be suspended till his return; he dismissed his irresolution, and the Baronet, though much fatigued before, again took the road to London with cheerful alacrity.

On reaching the house in which Pierrepont had formerly lodged, they found it inhabited by a new tenant. The party who had last occupied it had decamped by night, having only lived there one quarter, and the present inhabitants knew nothing of those by whom the house had formerly been held, and with whom the articles belonging to Pierrepont had been left.

The disappointment of the Baronet was extreme. He urged Pierrepont to make enquiries where he thought it likely that he might hear of the party. Wherever he went, Sir James followed like his shadow. Not a moment was he left to himself, and he found such abun-

dant occupation in attending to the wishes of his employer, that he had no leisure to think of any thing else. If, by any chance he ever took up a newspaper, Sir James never rested till on some pretext or other, he had got it from him, or fixed his attention on some other object.

A week had thus elapsed, when the Baronet remarked it was useless to stay longer in town, as the information which they sought was not to be obtained. Pierrepont was glad to return, for reasons which it is unnecessary to explain; though much mortified at the disappointment which his failure had inflicted on Sir James.

It was drawing fast towards evening when they again reached the mansion of the latter. Aware that but few minutes of day remained, he hastened, the moment Sir James retired to throw off his travelling dress, to the ruin. He saw no hand wave as before, to attract his

attention, and his blood chilled at the thought, that if indeed it were Miss Burleigh who had been there, it was not improbable that Sir James, apprehensive of discovery, had caused her to be removed to some more secure confinement. He had carefully observed the injunction laid upon him by Calthorpe, never to let his employer know that he was at all acquainted with the Burleighs, but still he thought it not impossible that accident might have revealed it; and if Sir James were capable of the baseness he was at times disposed to impute to him, it might be, that he was so anxious to go to town, merely to take care of Pierrepoint and prevent him from knowing any thing of the removal which he conceived to be necessary.

While these reflections passed through his mind, he anxiously surveyed the building, with a view of discovering the means by which he might ascend to the summit of the tower. That part of the

ancient mansion which still adhered to the tower he could ascend without difficulty; but this would carry him but little more than one-third of the way towards the top. A ladder belonging to the gardener was standing against the small erection in which his tools were deposited, and it struck Pierrepont that if he could place this on the old wall, the elevation which he might gain by mounting it, would probably enable him to throw a grappling-hook over the battlements with a line attached, by which he might pull himself up the remainder of the space; and as he was satisfied that the female had access to the tower, he calculated that from the tower it would be no difficult task to find his way to her apartment, or at least to open a communication, so that all doubt as to her identity should be at an end.

CHAP. X.

“There is no more ways, but hap, or hap not;
Either hap or else hapless to knit up the knot:—
And if you will hazard to venter what falls,
Perhaps that haphazard will end all your thralls.”

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

PIERREPOINT continued to gaze on the ruins, with a view of making himself intimately acquainted with the wall by which he was to commence his ascent. Carefully measuring the distance to the top, and speculating on the height from which he must throw his grappling-hook, while looking at the part which he was to aim at, he again perceived a slight motion from the tower. Though it was twilight, he could see something passed backwards and forwards as if to solicit attention. It was dropped by the person who had displayed it. He did not lose

sight of it on its way to the ground, and immediately recognised it to be a small silken half-handkerchief, which Harriet had sometimes worn about her neck. Her initials were on it, and that no doubt should remain, she had attached a ring and a diamond brooch which he had often seen in her possession.

No doubt could now exist. Incensed at the conduct of Sir James, he half resolved to wait on him, and demand the instant liberation of Miss Burleigh. But when he reflected on the delay which must occur before he could force the Baronet by legal measures to resign his captive, or the difficulty he might find in establishing the allegations he should prefer, to the satisfaction of a country magistrate, where a personage so important as Sir James Denville was concerned, and when he moreover considered that he was totally in the dark as to the degree of support on which Sir

James might calculate from his domestics, in venturing on measures so desperate as those to which he had not scrupled to have recourse, he judged it wise to conceal the knowledge he had just obtained, and to act as he had in the first instance proposed to do, in the hope that once in the tower himself, he might discover some way of working the release of the prisoner.

Full of this design, he strove by gestures to express his determination to attempt something in her behalf, but the increasing gloom forbade him to hope that his actions could be very distinctly seen. He returned to the house, which he had just entered, when he heard himself enquired for, and Jack Practical made his appearance.

“How do you do, Mr. Pierrepont?” cried the player. “Can you lend me a guinea. ‘I always give my friends the preference on such occasions.’ I have borrowed five or six of you already; but

I mean to pay you all in a lump. A guinea at a time you know would do you no good."

"I believe, indeed, that I shall not receive much good from what you pay."

"Your Worship's a witch."

"But here is a guinea for you, only do not talk of paying."

"Thank ye, Pierrepont. That's the way to make a man honest. But every body else refuses to lend me a farthing unless I promise to pay to-morrow. If people would act as you do, they should have no cause to complain of a want of integrity on the part of Jack Practical."

"And now," said Pierrepont, having first secured the door of the apartment, "I want to know if you are disposed to serve me."

"Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious," cried the player, assuming the tone and manner of *Snacks*; "but if 'so poor a man as *Hamlet*' can serve you, I am ready —

“ To answer thy best pleasure, be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his qualities.”

“ Leave spouting, and answer me, for once, like a man of this world.”

“ Ask me any thing in reason, and I will gladly comply. To answer like a man of this world I am afraid is not in my power. Do not expect impossibilities. I am ‘ a poor, luckless, graceless, merry devil, whom nobody in the world’ cares to own. But let that pass. I fancy I must somehow or other have crawled out of my own planet, or been kicked out of it into this; and as yet, I have not been able to learn the language and adopt the manners of the natives.”

“ A truce for one moment with rhodomontade. Are you disposed to serve me?”

“ As much as ever *Gobbo* was to serve *Bassanio*. Tell me how, and you shall see that I am a man to be depended

upon; the most virtuous vagabond alive — where there is no temptation, — and bravery itself — in the absence of all danger.”

Pierrepont hesitated for a moment to trust the rattle-brained stroller with his intentions; but he thought he discerned, in the midst of his fooleries, a feeling of grateful attachment, and finally resolved to make him his ally. In few words he explained his object and his wants. Practical rubbed his hands with rapturous alacrity when he heard of the former, and readily engaged to procure all that was necessary to satisfy the latter. He would forthwith provide a line and a grappling hook; and if by means of these Pierrepont could get into the tower and liberate his mistress, the player engaged to have his friend Jack Smack in waiting, with an excellent horse and a light chaise-cart that would go faster than the mail, in which they could make their way towards Lough-

borough, or some place at which they might meet with one of the London coaches.

Jack soon executed the first part of his commission, and returned with the line snugly buttoned up in his waistcoat, and with news that the horse and cart would stop at a short distance from the house, while he himself would be at hand to guide the fugitives to the vehicle.

As Practical retired, Sir James entered. He complained of indisposition and fatigue, and shortly after said he was going to bed. Pierrepont had concealed the line and grappling hook in the same way that they had been previously hidden by his friend Jack, and still fearful that something remarkable might be observed from the haste which he had been compelled to use, he was most happy to be relieved from the presence of the baronet. He soon stole into the grounds and took his course to the spot which he had reconnoitred in

the early part of the evening, and now perceived the massy ruin, in all the majesty of darkness.

In the loftiest apartment of the tower he could discover no light, but rather more than half way up, the ray of a lamp was emitted from a small casement. He paused, and sadly turned over in his mind the dismal solitude to which the delicate Harriet was consigned, when on a sudden he heard a footstep near him. He looked round but could see no one, and the sound died away. He was apprehensive that Sir James, or some one, had followed to watch his motions; and under this impression he turned into the most woody part of the park, in the hope of eluding observation. As he did so, he heard a noise like the shutting of a door. He doubted whether it was that of the tower which he had heard, looked suspiciously towards it and the paths leading from it, and satisfied himself that if what

he had heard proceeded from that door, it had not closed on a departing visitor.

Having concealed himself among the trees for more than half an hour, and exhausted, as he would willingly have persuaded himself, the patience of any one that might have been on the look out, he approached the tower in silence, determined to make the attempt he meditated without further delay. He secured the ladder which he had before observed; but, in moving it to the wall, it fell from his hand on a new cucumber frame which had been left outside the gardener's hut, and dashed it to pieces. Pierrepont started at the crash, and fearful that it might betray his approach, gently withdrew a few paces, and laid himself flat on the ground to watch the result of this accident. All was profoundly still. He returned to his undertaking, and having fixed the ladder against the lower part of the wall,

he ascended it. He drew the ladder after him, and proceeded to climb that portion of the wall which adhered to the ancient tower. This was a painful and a difficult task; for while passing along its rugged, mouldering, and uneven edge, he could only make use of one hand, the other being engaged with the ladder, the weight of which was so great, and the pain of sustaining it so intense, that he was several times on the point of letting it go, and more than once in imminent danger of being precipitated to the ground, from an elevation of some forty feet.

At length he found himself near the tower, and now having a tolerably firm footing, he placed the ladder on the top of the wall and against the prison of Harriet. He mounted it with caution, and having put his foot on the first step endeavoured to ascertain if he had succeeded in fixing it securely. The result of this experiment was perfectly satis-

factory, and he passed up several of the steps. It was then that he thought it necessary to bring forth the line, which was still concealed beneath his waistcoat. While striving to do this, his body receded a little, and the ladder immediately moved from the wall. He threw himself against it, and the danger was at an end. It occurred to Pierrepont that by carefully turning himself round, and placing his back towards the steps, he might accomplish his object. He tried to do this, but by the time that he had gained the position which he thought would favour his purpose, he perceived that the ladder stood in a slanting direction, and that to go a step or two higher before this was altered, would in all probability cost him his life. He was too little accustomed to this description of climbing to venture on an effort at rectifying the position of the ladder while he stood on it, and he therefore again descended.

Having placed it straight and taken out his grappling-hook and its appendage, he used the precaution of disentangling the coils of the rope before he a second time gave up the comparatively firm resting-place of the wall. Every thing being now prepared, he ascended till he got within a few steps of the top of the ladder. He then stopped, perceiving that if he went higher he should be too close to the tower to command the battlements, so as to make sure of throwing the hook fairly over them; and he felt that it was of some importance that this should be soon accomplished, as a few jerks would be likely to make it necessary for him to descend as before. This was at that moment, a serious consideration; and he might be forgiven if he apprehended a failure still more inconvenient, involving a catastrophe that would have put an end to all his anxiety on account of Miss Burleigh.

Pierrepoint threw the hook, and with such good fortune that it got hold within the battlements the first time. He pulled the line repeatedly with his right hand, round which he had coiled it, to ascertain whether it was sufficiently fixed to bear his weight. It seemed to give way a little. He was not certain that it did, but he still mistrusted it; when an accident occurred that dismissed every doubt. The wall, exposed for many years to the wind, the sun, and the rain, had less strength than it appeared to have, and was in fact rotten all the way through. The pressure of the ladder while sustaining the weight of Pierrepoint, had caused the edges to crumble, and this it was that made his precautionary descent necessary. The sudden and energetic exertion by which the grappling-hook had been sent to the top of the tower, was too powerful to be withstood by the failing mass, which sunk beneath the pressure. A large portion of what

remained of the ruin, together with the ladder, fell with a loud, rattling and discordant noise; and Pierrepont, abruptly bereft of that which had previously been his stay, astounded by the clattering tumult of which he was the cause, and almost suffocated by the clouds of dust which ascended from the prostrate mass, was left suspended by one hand in the line attached to the summit of the building, but which had such uncertain hold, that he was in momentary expectation of its giving way, and consigning him to instant, inevitable death.

CHAP. XI.

“ O ! thou, at whose creative smile yon heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 Rose from th’ abyss ; when dark confusion driven
 Down, down, the bottomless profound of night
 Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
 O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 To blast the fury of oppressive might.” BEATTIE.

THE agonising anxiety which Sir James had felt on account of the expected dissolution of Calthorpe, had for a moment so far subdued the passions of lust and vengeance which devoured him, that on finding Harriet attempting to communicate with Pierrepont, he merely allowed himself time to reproach the old woman for her negligence, and to order her to remove every thing that might enable the captive to make a similar effort, before he hastened to the couch of the

dying man; by which he was found when Pierrepont returned from Nottingham.

In consequence of the reproaches bestowed upon her, and the new instructions which the female jailer received, the apartment in which Harriet was detained underwent a strict examination. Every straw that remained was carefully removed; the lamp was never kindled at night, she was allowed no book by day, and in short, her situation was made as deplorable as the old woman knew how to render it.

The gloom which invaded her apartment through the whole of the lengthened nights, was sufficiently appalling; but the misery of Harriet was aggravated by incessant alarms. She feared to trust herself on the couch; and if for a few moments, her eyes were closed in sleep while sitting up, she started from her unrefreshing slumber in frightful appre-

hension, believing that her relentless enemy was at hand.

That day after day should elapse after she had seen him return, without shocking her with his presence, was to her a matter of surprise. Sometimes she indulged the hope that his villany had been discovered, and at other times, she would endeavour to persuade herself that he had changed his purpose, but the consolation thus derived was brief, as reflection never failed to suggest, that had either surmise been well founded, her liberation must have been the happy consequence.

The door which she had discovered was still left open, and much of her time was passed on the leads of the tower. Here for hours together, her eye was often strained to look through that aperture from which she had seen Pierre-point. Though the doubts at first entertained on this subject remained, she could never feel thoroughly satisfied

that it was not he. She recollected that he had told her to forward but the initial of her name to him, if she stood in need of aid, and she also recollected, that the first letter of the word she had formed, was no other than that which was to have been a signal that Harriet Burleigh was in distress. "Had it been Pierrepoint," she exclaimed, "he would have hastened to my relief; but, no, he could not believe that it came from me, and he thinks that my prison is the asylum of a maniac."

For more than a week she saw the form of no human being, but that of the hateful inhabitant of the lower part of the tower. She had lingered one afternoon on the leads till day was about to close, when she suddenly saw the person, which, on a former occasion, she had supposed to be Pierrepoint. He was standing motionless as a statue, and appeared to have his eyes fixed on the spot from which she had attempted to com-

municate with him. Harriet felt assured that it was really her deliverer, and considered that she had nothing to do, but to make him acquainted with the fact of her being the inmate of that loathed abode, to urge him to disappoint the ruffianly object of Sir James. With this feeling, she hastily threw from the building her handkerchief and brooch. She saw Pierrepont move, and hoped that he did so to receive what she had wished should fall into his hands. He returned in a few moments to his former station ; but his gestures were unseen through the increasing gloom, and she could only perceive that the person retired, but whether with a view to consider of the means of effecting her rescue, or with the intention of laying before Sir James what had been cast in his way, she was left to conjecture at her leisure.

She suspected that he had preferred taking the latter course, when, at a late

hour that night, she heard the voice of the Baronet, and perceived that he approached the door of her apartment. The fastenings were withdrawn, and he entered, with a lamp in his hand. Harriet shuddered as she looked upon the sullen aspect of the intruder, and correctly read that anxiety and disappointment were not unknown to him. But she also saw, in the stern and remorseless glare of his angry eye, that he was bent upon seeking consolation there, for whatever had mortified him elsewhere.

“Though not so soon as I gave you reason to expect when we last parted,” said he, placing the lamp on the table, “you see I am returned, — returned to claim from your terrors what your coldness and pride would deny.”

From the manner in which he accosted her, Harriet perceived that she had little to hope from his humanity, but she made a new effort to move compassion. She described her sufferings, called his atten-

tion to the misery inflicted on her mother; and, above all, reminded him of what he owed to the generous friendship of her father, and appealed to him, if persecution of the daughter was the return which a generous heart would make for benefits received. She implored him, as he revered the manes of him who was no more, and, as he hoped for mercy in another world, even now to relent and give her liberty.

“It is in vain,” he calmly replied, “that you plead to me; and you almost move my laughter, when you conjure me to give up the advantage which I have obtained, from respect to the memory of your father, or from regard for my own soul. The former claims my everlasting curse; and for the latter, I have long ceased to feel anxiety, convinced that, when man terminates his career in this world, he is no more than the dust he treads upon while living. But I come not to entertain a discussion on

such matters. I come to enjoy a prize, from which perverse accidents have detained me too long."

"I know not what your words import."

"You shall not long remain in doubt. Words may be questioned; acts cannot be misunderstood. When I brought you here, I left you to turn aside suspicion. That has been done most successfully; and now, secure alike from interruption and detection, I come to make you mine for ever."

"Press me on that subject no more. — Indeed I cannot be your wife."

"I know it. That, our last interview decided. I do not now ask if you will become my wife, but I announce to you that you *shall* be my mistress. — You have refused love; you shall now feel vengeance."

"Yet be merciful, Sir James. — You have professed love."

"I have. I have offered love, and it has

been requited with mockery and scorn, which I can never forget till the last slumber of nature falls on my eyes. This I shall endure no more." He said I

Wildly wringing her hands, Harriet raised her imploring looks to Heaven; and hardly knowing what she uttered, she faintly exclaimed, "Then it was he!"

"Is there no hope?"

"None," cried Sir James. "You are not now in a boat, from which your sighs may be heard by some straggling robber, or favoured paramour, for such I much suspect the meddler to have been, who bore you from me once."

"You are as unjust to him as base to me. The honourable — the generous — the brave Pierrepont would not —"

At the name of Pierrepont Sir James started.

"What! was the wretch called Pierrepont? — This is a new triumph. That hypocrite, the worthy, though the illegitimate representative of another villain,

who has just gone to the worms, has for some months owed his daily bread to me, — to me, whom he dared to thwart when I had all but accomplished the object nearest to my heart. But he shall yet repent it. That reptile is now in my power; is at this moment in my house.”

“Then it was he!” Harriet exclaimed; and an involuntary but a momentary transport gladdened her countenance.

“I understand you. — Yes, it was *he* with whom iniquitous instinct, or the demon that animates your sex, prompted you to hold a correspondence even from this tower. But I was fortunately by, and satisfied him that it was the unmeaning sport of a maniac that had caught his attention for a moment.”

“O! if he is so near, relief may yet arrive.”

“Relief! — That word has supplied the only spur that was wanting to urge the prompt execution of my purpose. Relief may indeed arrive; but if it come

to-morrow it shall be too late. This night—this hour—shall extinguish your last hope.”

As he spoke, he sprang towards his intended victim, who in vain attempted to elude his grasp.

“Resistance is vain; flight impossible; and you had better yield with a good grace than after an unavailing struggle.”

“I would sooner die!” Harriet replied, with firmness.

“But the choice is not left to you. Your life is necessary to my enjoyment, and shall be preserved for my use and pleasure, till, no longer capable of kindling love’s fires, the drowsy eye of satisfied desire shall rest on you with coldness and contempt.”

“No! Sir James, I will dash my brains out against the massy walls of this tower, before I surrender myself to infamy and you.”

As she spoke, by a sudden exertion of

her strength she disengaged herself from the Baronet, and gained the door which opened to the staircase, by which she had ascended to the top of the building. It had not been carefully closed, and Sir James saw her vanish from his view before he had time to form a conjecture as to the motive by which she was animated. He furiously pursued; and while a piercing shriek resounded through the ruin, he grasped with violence one arm, and foaming with rage, attempted to drag its owner to the apartment. The effort was successful. He did not meet with the determined resistance which he had anticipated, and considering the struggle to be over, he already exulted in the little toil with which fearless brutality had vanquished female resolution, when re-entering the intended scene of triumph, a tremendous blow, dealt by no woman's hand, compelled him (while relinquishing his hold

he fell to the ground) to recognize in the avenger, the hated Pierrepont.

Sir James, stunned by the blow which he had received, was for some moments relieved from the inconvenience of thinking; but as he recovered from the shock, he rightly concluded, that the threats which he had so recently breathed, had not failed to reach the listening ear of his conqueror. He felt, that to conceal his designs with respect to Harriet, was absolutely impossible, and consequently, that dissimulation was useless; but he determined to assume the master, and to attempt to provide for his own safety, which he perceived to be in some degree compromised, by menacing his assailant with vengeance. While Pierrepont was engaged in assisting Harriet, who had fallen almost bereft of reason on encountering as she supposed, a second enemy, Sir James rose from the ground. Pierrepont, re-entering the apartment, had but just

time to assure Harriet that she was no longer in danger, when he was fiercely accosted by the Baronet.

"What audacious conduct is this? By what right do you dare to invade this building, which its owner never gave you permission to enter?"

"By what right!" Pierrepont contemptuously replied. "And can you suppose that all daring is confined to infamy?—Is a marauder to turn round on his pursuer and demand by what right he presumes to enter his den, and violate the asylum of a robber?"

"A robber!" Sir James repeated, concentrating all the malignity of his soul in one diabolical and wrathful scowl.

"Even so," Pierrepont calmly replied. "I am not to be frowned out of the expression of my scorn."

"And have you then the effrontery to call me robber?"

"What! can you reconcile yourself

to the infamy, and yet shrink from the name? I do call you robber, and the basest of robbers, to snatch, as you have done, from the poor widowed heart, the last dearest joy that remained to it on earth."

Sir James perceived that his calculation was erroneous. He eyed Pierrepont with maddening fury, and seemed well disposed to punish his intrusion on the spot; but the assault which he had sustained was not yet forgotten, and he was somewhat reluctant to meet another from the same hand. He however affected the most sovereign contempt for the individual, who had so unexpectedly interposed in behalf of Harriet, and replied with impetuosity,

"And this is the treatment I am to receive from my own secretary!"

"No, Sir James, I am no longer your secretary. While I believed you a man, I zealously served you;—now that I

know you to be a monster, I disdain your patronage."

"But you shall not long disdain my power. You shall soon know that Sir James Denville is not yet brought down to the level of a strolling beggar."

"If my situation in life is humble, when nature gave my limbs their form and motion and taught my blood its course, she gave my beggar-frame the stamp of man; and when she made the founder of your race, she did no more."

"Well," Sir James tauntingly replied, "I am no candidate for your respect. Here, however, I am master, and you must depart."

"That is my intention; but this lady departs with me."

"That lady with you!—What is she to you, I would fain learn?"

"She is a suffering female, whom Heaven has blessed me, (and not now for the first time,) with an opportunity of snatching from brutal violence, and I

condescend to offer no further explanation. She will accompany me, and you, Sir James, if you value your safety, will not attempt to throw any obstacle in our way."

"This lady, Sir, is under my care."

"She has been in your power; but is no longer so. With me she will now descend, and see that I meet with no opposition from you, or from any of your accomplices. Come, Miss Burleigh."

"By hell!" cried Sir James, in a transport of rage, "she shall not stir;" and he again advanced to seize Harriet.

Pierrepoint repelled him, and producing a pistol, pointed it towards Sir James, who, receding with precipitation, enquired if it was intended to murder him.

"No," the other calmly replied; "murder is out of the question; but if you attempt a new outrage, I shall not scruple to execute you. Consent to remain here, and you will be in no

danger of immediate vengeance. Attempt to detain, or to follow us, and you die."

The door by which Sir James had entered, had been left a little open. It now suddenly closed.

"Secure the bolts," cried the Baronet.

"We are lost," exclaimed Harriet, wildly rushing against the door. She forced it to give way a little; but the next moment it was pressed close, and the bolts began to move.

Pierrepont looked round with infinite amazement. The exclamations of Harriet and Sir James were to him equally unintelligible. But when he saw the captive throw herself violently against the door, and perceived that this was done in opposition to some one on the outside, he was no longer in doubt what to do. He accordingly followed the example of Harriet. This was done at the moment the bolt had entered the first

ring, and of course it served but to prove that the door was fast. The other bolts were drawn, the pannel which had been so often used, was removed, and the old woman, who had heard enough of the conversation between Pierrepont and Sir James to be convinced that something extraordinary had happened, now presented her withered visage, and enquired,

“Did you want the door bolted, Sir James?”

“Yes,” returned the enraged Baronet; “run, and call up all my servants.”

“Stay, ancient iniquity,” cried Pierrepont, in a tone of menace. “Stay one instant, and know, that the moment you attempt to bring one of the domestics of Sir James into this room, that moment your master shall expire.”

While speaking, he presented his pistol at Sir James; but his eyes were anxiously fixed on the old woman, to

ascertain the effect produced by this threat. She paused, and he was about to demand that she should instantly open the door, when the Baronet, perceiving the attention of Pierrepont fixed on the aged female, attempted to snatch the pistol from his hand. He failed to accomplish his object; but in wild desperation he closed with Pierrepont, and struggled for mastery. The contest terminated favourably for the latter. The pistol went off, narrowly missed Harriet, but did no injury; and in the same instant Sir James received a blow, that again stretched him on the floor.

"Stay, ancient iniquity," cried Pierrepont, in a tone of menace. "Stay one instant, and know that the moment you attempt to bring one of the daughters of Sir James into this room, that moment your master shall expire." While speaking, he presented his sword to Sir James; but his eyes were fixed on the old woman, to

CHAP. XII.

“Rashness itself, and utter desperation,
Are the best prudence. — I will bear her off
This night, and lodge her in a place of safety.”

THOMSON.

THE old woman hastily closed the wicket, and began to descend the stairs leading to the room beneath the prison of Harriet. Sir James remained for more than a minute perfectly silent and motionless, and Pierrepont, to guard against further efforts on the part of the Baronet, availed himself of that opportunity, to bind the hands of his prostrate enemy. Harriet believed every hope of escape at an end. She sadly listened to the descending steps of the beldam, and doubted not that she would soon bring

the domestics of Sir James to the rescue of their master. To what extent they might be disposed to favour his violence, was matter of conjecture; but that they would not be very ready to lend an ear to any thing which those opposed to him might urge, she had abundant reason to fear.

Pierrepoint thought their only chance of escape was, by working on the fears of Sir James. It was possible, that by threatening him, his consent to their departure might be extorted. But then he could not persuade himself that the Baronet would feel at all bound by such promise one moment after he believed himself to be out of danger, and he therefore calculated that their steps would be almost instantly pursued by their incensed enemy.

The old woman had now reached the entrance to the lower apartment. Pierrepoint suddenly exclaimed :

“All is not over. We may yet baffle the villain and his accomplices.”

While speaking, he passed into the passage by which he had made his approach, and began rapidly to ascend the stairs leading to the battlements.

In his frequent voyages, Pierrepont had accustomed himself to climb in the manner of the seamen, and had in fact become a perfect sailor. He had derived some advantage from this qualification, when the ladder and wall which had previously sustained his weight so abruptly failed him, and had with little difficulty made his way to the top of the tower. He had perceived in his ascent the casement from which he had seen a light, again illumined, and when even with it, observing the window was not fastened, he had paused for a moment, half disposed to throw himself in. To that window he now resolved to descend. If he could accomplish this, it might not yet be too late to prevent the creature

of Sir James from executing his commands. No time was to be lost. He accordingly saw that the hook had safe hold; and this ascertained, he climbed the battlements and boldly began to let himself down to the window. He soon saw it, and pressing against the wall while a little above, forced himself from it by a sudden spring, which had the effect of causing him to come with his feet foremost against the casement, with such force, that if it had not been unfastened it must instantly have given way; but being partly opened, he passed into the apartment with perfect ease, but with such velocity, that before he had time to lower his head sufficiently his forehead came in contact with the edge of the stone above the frame of the window, and the shock was so severe, that for several seconds he lost all consciousness of that which had brought him there.

He was roused to recollection by hear-

ing a door open. He rightly guessed that it was the door at the bottom, from which the old woman was now about to depart. The object of his descent was lost if he could not prevent this; and he ran or rather slid down the stairs over which she had just passed, with a frantic rapidity, which heeded not the bruises and contusions inflicted by the way. But it was all in vain; for when within thirty steps of the bottom the door was shut, and he heard the old woman carefully lock it, and walk towards the house.

Great was the vexation of Pierrepont, while he reflected that through the pause which had occurred in consequence of his accident, she had effected her retreat. He could not immediately determine whether to remain where he was, or to rejoin Harriet. If he could open the prison door as he expected he could from the outside and bring her to the lower apartment, with the assistance

of the rope, and a sheet by which it could easily be lengthened, it might be practicable to lower Harriet to the ground. The experiment could not be made without danger, but he considered their affairs to be too desperate, at that moment, to give much weight to such an objection.

He had just resolved on attempting to carry this project into execution, when to his infinite confusion and dismay, he heard footsteps approaching the door. Pierrepont had calculated that the old woman could not yet have reached the house, and to find her already returned, and with the assistance she sought, was a surprise most painful to his feelings and fatal to his hopes. All he could now do was to oppose a desperate resistance to those who might enter, without being able to flatter himself into a thought that it could be eventually of any use to the sufferer whom he desired to relieve and liberate.

The persons he had heard without arrived at the door of the building. They were in conversation, and Pierrepont thought he could distinguish the Scotch brogue of the gardener. From what fell from the old woman, he collected that she had met him in the grounds, and that he was desirous of having all the honour of relieving Sir James from his present danger.

Pierrepont stationed himself in the narrowest part of the staircase. The door opened; it was most carefully secured on the inside, and for a few moments the most awful silence prevailed.

“And now, you jumping Jezebel,” cried the old woman’s companion, the brogue being altogether discarded, “if you don’t instantly take me to where you have locked up Mr. Pierrepont with your rascally master, I’ll break every bone in your mouldy old skeleton, and send you to your infernal home one week before your time.”

The lady attempted a shriek, and before the horror of her first surprise had had time to subside, she sustained a new shock from hearing the voice of Pierrepont, who now accosted the supposed gardener by calling out,

“ Jack Practical !”

“ ‘ Who calls so loud ? ’ ” returned the player. “ Why, ‘ I think there be six Richmonds in the field.’ How the devil can you be so near, when the old Tabby Luciferina here, told me that she had just safely shut you up at the top of the tower.”

“ This is no time for explanation.”

“ But are you ‘ the real *Simon Pure* ? ’ ”

“ If you wish to serve me, use all possible dispatch. These are not moments for joking.”

“ Pooh ! — when do you want a joke, if not when you are in trouble. The true wag sports one on every occasion. Did not my poor old friend Dicky Suet call out ‘ the watchmen are coming,’

when he heard the rattles in his own throat?"

"No more of this at present. 'No more of this, Jack, if thou lov'st me.'"

"Ha!" cried the player, who recognised a theatrical phrase in the last words of Pierrepont: "'Now you have found the way to conquer me.'"

"Then bring the woman up. Be careful that she does not escape."

"Escape! — Never fear that. I'll stick as close to her as if she were half a century younger. — Come, toddle up, and use your scrapers with a little more alacrity if you have'n't a fancy to be hanged when you get to the top."

Pierrepont took a lamp from the lower apartment, and hastened to the door of that which enclosed the terrified Harriet and her defeated persecutor. Practical followed; and, denied the solace of a sportive conversation with his friend, gratified his taste for scurrilous humour, by heaping abuse on the old woman; by

mimicking the conversation which had passed between her and himself, while she supposed him to be the gardener; and by breathing the most ludicrously terrible threats, and dooming her to some new death every step she advanced; winding all up with a quotation, according to custom, “ ‘ I *will* kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will o’er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and *advance*.’ ”

The bolts were easily withdrawn. Sir James, expecting Pierrepont to re-enter the apartment every moment, had not attempted to rise; but when he heard several persons ascending from the bottom of the building, joy thrilled his heart, and taking it for granted that they could be no other than his domestics, as the door opened he sprang from the floor, and running towards Miss

Burleigh, called on his supposed friends to loosen his hands, and he would guard the lady, while they sought the hiding-place of the —— He had not time to finish the sentence when, to his utter astonishment, he perceived that Pierrepont was the person to whom he had addressed himself.

To attempt to describe the anguish, fury, and despair which took possession of the baffled villain, when he learnt the full extent of his misfortune, would be vain. He breathed the most bitter maledictions on all around, and failed not to threaten future vengeance.

The rope which Pierrepont had found so eminently serviceable, he thought proper to remove from the place where he had left it, lest it should be used in a similar way by Sir James. He brought it down and gave it to Practical. It was just the thing that Jack could have desired. The menaces which Sir James continued to utter were not at all to his taste; and

accordingly the instant that he received the present just mentioned, he interrupted a furious imprecation then issuing from the lips of the Baronet, with a severe stripe across the shoulders, while he exclaimed,

“Will you swear, you — rascal? Will nothing reclaim you?”

And here giving him another stripe, he declared with an oath, that where he was, there should be no swearing.

“Come,” said Pierrepont, “we have now only to secure this door, and we may fly with perfect safety. I shall leave you here, Sir James,” he continued, addressing himself to the Baronet; “but there will be sufficient indications of our flight to bring your domestics to your aid in the morning. May the defeat you have now experienced deter you from again venturing on an enterprise so flagitious.”

“And may this taste of rope’s end,” said Practical, again applying the rope to the shoulders of the Baronet, “save you

from putting your back in the way of another."

Pierrepoint snatched the rope from Jack, threw it out of the room, and began to assist Harriet to descend.

"Adieu," cried Jack, as he was about to close the door. "Don't you be rude with the lady, Sir James. Spare her blushes, out of respect for her papa, your old friend, Satan. — As for you, my beautiful She-Beelzebub — my amiable *Sycorax* — if you had been within forty years of a touchable age, if you had been born any thing to signify on this side the Flood, I'd have made your dim daylights twinkle in their sockets for something. Perhaps, before you are relieved you may be starved to death ; and in that case, as a particular favour, I must request you both to drag your carcasses to the top of this edifice, when about to kick the bucket, that your dead bodies may furnish some entertainment to the passing crows ; for

it would be a thousand pities that so much good carrion should be wasted."

He bolted the door, and followed Pierrepont. They passed into the park without difficulty, and hastened through the grounds without meeting with any obstruction. A faint illumination in the east announced that day-break was at hand, and Pierrepont enquired, with some anxiety, where the vehicle was stationed, which Practical had engaged to have waiting for them by midnight.

"Where is it now!" Jack exclaimed; "Marry, 'that would I learn of you.' I told Jack Smack to be ready before midnight. He came to his time; waited till past two; and then, getting out of all patience, — though I advised him to think of Job, to enjoy a holiday from his wife when he could, and not to expect that his betters would hurry themselves for him — though I said all this, and many other things equally civil and consoling, the fellow lost his temper;

said it was all a trick of mine to make a fool of him ; and drove off, growling like a young elephant with the tusk-ache, and swearing like a bishop."

"What, then, must we do? Though we can more than justify all that we have done in the face of day, yet we know not what a man, at once so desperate and so artful as Sir James, may attempt. It would be desirable to keep from him the course we may resolve to take. Where can we hide ourselves for a day or two?"

"The nearest place, and that which we can reach by the most unfrequented path, is the hovel of Manager Strut. Your name will at once incline him to hospitality ; and if I tell him that Miss is, under your tuition, about to become an actress, — by-the-bye what a delightful *Desdemona* she would make!"

"Pshaw!"

"What a lovely *Juliet*!"

"This young lady would make nothing of the kind."

“And what a heavenly *Belvidera* !”

“Desist from this nonsense.”

“Well, then ; you know that De Dunstanville, as the fellow calls himself, is as inhospitable a tyrant as you will stumble on in a long day’s march ; but if you leave him to me, I’ll take care that he shall give us all the assistance we stand in need of. You and the lady, if you choose to make shift there for a day or two, shall be accommodated. I am afraid, though, that Bandy Juliet will not please you very much.”

“Common civility is all we can expect.”

“You may calculate on abundance of blarney. But she is not an agreeable woman. Though as vain as Lucifer, she has some little idea that she is rather plain or so. Her complexion is naturally of the colour of lead, and she has two black dabs under her eyes, like the marks made by St. Peter’s thumb and finger on the haddock’s back. Then she paints on

a dirty face ; is outrageously jealous of the animal she calls her husband ; and, to add to her defects, she likes not me, though why, I can't guess for the soul of me. To be sure I once happened to knock a red-hot poker out of the fire on a new silk gown, which, having been wetted by accident, had been laid to dry ; on another occasion, blundering into her dressing room at home, before she was made up for the day, I stole a pot of rouge, which I popped into a batter-pudding that was just going into the oven, and she was obliged to go out with her cheeks as yellow as a withered cauliflower leaf ; and I once got Master Cupid to jump into a dyer's tub, and sent him home all over of the colour of the green room. But no woman of sense could be offended at such trifles as these, and therefore her ill will towards me is perfectly unaccountable."

CHAP. XIII.

"He and his wife were an ill sorted pair ;

But scandal's my aversion — I protest

Against all evil speaking, even in jest."

LORD BYRON.

PIERREPOINT did not feel much elated at the prospect of the reception which he might meet with at the manager's house : but it was near ; Harriet was exhausted with alarm, anxiety and fatigue ; and he found himself lame from a contusion which his knee had received, when the wall gave way beneath his feet. Under these circumstances, he did not scruple to act on the recommendation of Practical. He was not without money, and therefore he hoped he should find the means of making the manager and

his lady, or the people whose house they lived in, willing to afford Harriet any accommodation in their power.

“Now,” cried the player, as they drew near the residence of Mr. De Dunstanville, “will I call aloud —

‘ With like timorous accent and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.—
Awake ! what ho ! Brabantio, thieves ! thieves ! thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags,
Thieves ! thieves ! ’ ”

And, while spouting these lines, he signified his approach by a most violent attack on the door, with his hands and feet.

“Are you mad?” cried Pierrepont, “to make such an outrageous noise !”

“ ‘ I am but mad north-west, when the wind’s southerly. I know a hawk from a hand-saw. ’ ”

The manager had, by this time, taken his station at the window, not a little alarmed at the unexpected din, which

had disturbed his slumber, and now perceiving Practical, demanded with much displeasure,

“What the devil’s the matter?”

“Zounds!” returned Jack, still quoting from Othello, “‘you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians.’”

“What foolery is this?”

“Better words, you bog-trotter; ‘be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.’ Don’t you see, that I, with much trouble, have succeeded in bringing before you, Mr. Pierrepont, his first appearance these four months. Don’t you see, that I am at work for you, while you are asleep; and don’t you see, that here is a young lady with him, the finest actress the world ever saw. Why don’t you ask them to walk in?”

The rattling nonsense of Jack so confounded the manager, who was little more than half awake, that he knew

not what answer to make, and remained motionless, looking first at one, and then at the other, in stupid astonishment.

Pierrepoint then appealed to the hospitality of the manager; but before the latter could reply —

“ ‘Why how you stand gaping there,’ ” cried Jack. “Don’t you hear, that Mr. Pierrepoint and his sister (I can swear to her being his twin sister, for I was present at the birth, and swallowed the first basin of caudle) want the shelter of your hovel.”

“I wish you would hold your tongue,” said Mr. De Dunstanville.

“You know Practical,” observed Pierrepoint, “too well, to be disturbed by his unmeaning raillery. I am however placed in a very peculiar situation, with this young lady, the sister of my most esteemed friend; and if your hospitality will afford me the shelter of your roof, I shall regard it as an important favour, and will

willingly requite it, in the way which may be most agreeable to you."

This address was very pleasant to the manager's ear, coming immediately after the rough jokes and insolence of Jack, and he hastened to reply,

"My dear Sir, I'll do that, or any thing else, to oblige a man I respect so much as I do you."

The door was soon opened, and the party were admitted to the room in which Pierrepont had first witnessed the display of Practical's powers in the presence of the manager.

The woman of the house, who had been disturbed by the knocking, had risen. It was arranged that she should surrender her bed to Miss Burleigh, a small sofa in the sitting-room of the manager was appropriated to Pierrepont, and Practical told the manager that as he was too much fatigued to enjoy the sport of knocking up another family, he must now find some accommodation for him.

Mr. De Dunstanville, who was bowing to Harriet as she retired, did not at first attend to the player ; but, at length, turning round, he gave vent to a little of that amicable feeling which the civilities of Jack Practical never failed to inspire, by telling him that the carpet and the whole floor were entirely at his service, and that he might pick out a soft plank if he pleased, to stretch himself upon, and thus obtain the advantages of '*bed and board*' at the same time.

"Your offer," returned Jack, "is what I might expect from your usual hospitality; and I could take a very comfortable flop on a carpet, but it is too much for common patience to hear that name bestowed on the ragged patch of threadbare Kidderminster, which you have got in the middle of your room."

The manager, not a little annoyed by this criticism, instead of replying to Jack, addressed himself to Pierrepont, and apologised for the very imperfect accom-

modation which he would find there. He accounted for it by referring to the unsettled life he was obliged to lead, which made it impossible to have good furniture at every place. He further added that he had lately sustained a severe loss from leaving his goods in a house which he had occupied, as a gang of robbers had broken into it and carried off every moveable article that belonged to him.

“The devil they did!” exclaimed Practical. “Why, then, I suppose, you mean to tell us that they stole your tinder-box.”

“I say all my goods.”

“Well, *all* your goods in the way of household furniture, have been comprised in your tinder-box and its appendages for the last seven years. I remember at Loughborough, some time ago, you attempted to get furniture of your own, and a very dramatic concern it was.

Six bricks and three bits of iron acted the grate ; the part of the trivet was undertaken by the tongs ; a frying-pan, covered over with the lid of an old sauce-pan, (looking as fierce as you do in Sir George Thunder's cocked hat,) was the representative of a tea-kettle ; and the pan that was your wash-hands-basin in the morning, made its appearance as your baking-dish at noon.

“ 'Tis false ; I never had such a set-out — ”

“ As that-there, you were going to say,” cried Jack, with an air of provoking tranquillity ; “ have your speech out. Why, I don't mean to say that you had it long ; for Old Larceny, the broker, who furnished the articles I have named, together with a stump-bedstead, two chairs, and a lame table, soon found it necessary to take them back again : and this, I suppose, was the robbery to which you have alluded.”

The manager grew furious, and was beginning his reply, when Pierrepont represented to him that his voice would disturb the ladies, and at the same time remarked that the jokes of Practical required no answer. He pressed him to return to his bed, and after some argument and expostulation, succeeded in prevailing upon him to withdraw, while Jack, apparently unconscious that he had said any thing that was likely to ruffle his superior, sat calmly whistling the tune of "Go to the devil and shake yourself."

"Why," said Pierrepont, as the manager ascended the stairs, "do you not keep down this propensity of yours? — Why, at such a moment, not spare your insolence and ridicule?"

"Nay," cried Jack, adopting the manner with the language of Touchstone, "I shall never beware of my wit till I break my own shins against it." 'Tis the uncontrollable character of my honesty, that finds meat and drink in tor-

menting a varlet, and this is such a pestilent villain, that if justice be not defrauded, there will certainly be a man hanged the day he dies, whenever it may arrive."

The broad light of day now entered the apartment. Pierrepont took his place on the sofa, and Jack, complaining of the scantiness of the carpet, and remarking that bandy Juliet was careful not to have her floor cleaned, lest it should not match with her face, was about to stretch himself on the ground, when it occurred to him to inspect the cupboard. He discovered a pint bottle of brandy, and announced this as a prodigious "*God-send*" to Pierrepont, who, just falling asleep, was not a little annoyed by the conduct of the player, which he reproved with some asperity.

Jack was mortified at finding Pierrepont declined to drink with him. He complained of this as the height of folly; for he could easily make all right, by

filling up the bottle again, and Mrs. De Dunstanville, in her love of cleanliness, had left a pan of soap-suds there, which, he said, would serve excellently well for that purpose. While he spoke, having previously swallowed half the brandy, he performed the operation he contemplated, and replaced the bottle in the closet.

At the end of three hours, Pierrepont awoke, and perceiving the other inmates of the house were stirring, left the sofa and roused Practical, who agreed to go to Derby and endeavour to ascertain whether any thing was known of what had happened at Sir James Denville's, and also to enquire the routes of the several coaches to London. When he had departed, Pierrepont saw in the appearance of the apartment, enough to satisfy him that the character which Jack had given of Mrs. De Dunstanville, as to cleanliness, was not wholly untrue. Every article in the room was provided

with a thick coat of dust, and the mischievous industry of Practical had traced on each some reproachful inscription. "Slut,"—"Spare the duster," and similar sentences, stared him in the face at every turn. Not considering this to be the best and most convenient mode of admonishing the manager's lady, he was hastening to efface them with his handkerchief, when she made her appearance with Mr. Augustus. He started in confusion at being thus surprised, and while reluctant to explain how he was about to occupy himself, he felt that he might be suspected of co-operating with Practical, in furnishing those hints which met the gaze of the manager's wife in all parts of the room. She saw them, and a blush seemed to labour for expression, through the wall of paint on her cheek. He apologised for his intrusion, and for the mad waggeries of his late companion; and she, in a tone of suppressed indignation, assured

him that Practical's pranks gave her no concern whatever.

Pierrepont provided the manager with money, and explaining to him that he had troubled him on this occasion, in consequence of his missing the conveyance by which he and the lady were to have gone towards London on the preceding night, did not think it necessary to enter into particulars. His knee, by this time, was so swelled, that he found it impossible to move without great pain; he therefore desired to know if he could remain there two or three days. No objection was started, the woman of the house found a lodging in a neighbouring cottage, and attended during the day with another young woman, her sister, to cook and perform such services as were required.

Practical returned at night, and reported that the whole business of the tower was kept a secret; but Sir James

had, by some means, been liberated, and had started for London.

The situation of Pierrepont and Harriet was not very comfortable while they remained here. The society of De Dunstanville and his wife was not such as Harriet had been accustomed to, or knew how to enjoy. Sensible that the day of her beauty was no more, Mrs De Dunstanville, instead of endeavouring to supply the place of her faded charms by the attractions of kindness and gentle attentions, which often enable the heart to retain its captive in the chains of love, when the lustre which once inspired passion has fled, solely and unceasingly occupied herself in watching each look, word, and action of her husband, in the hope that her vigilance would secure his constancy. If the eye of the manager rested but for a moment on the countenance of another female, her wrathful glance reproached his infidelity; and the gathering

bile threw over her swarthy visage the hue of a thunder-cloud, which not all the varnish of her toilet could conceal. The consequence of this was, that the theatrical hero, the moment he escaped from the restraint thus imposed, felt himself at perfect liberty to enjoy the holiday, and pursue every woman he met.

The conduct of Practical, who came very often, was not calculated to improve her temper. Though he did not tell all he knew, his sarcasms and insinuations kept her constantly on the alert, and for mere amusement he sometimes *let off* her jealousy, as he termed it, at those who were the last that ought to have fallen under her suspicion.

The attention with which Mr. Augustus occasionally regarded Harriet, attracted her notice; and Jack, perceiving this, from the love of mischief that was inherent in him, considered it from the extravagance of the thing, to be an excellent joke, and humoured it ac-

cordingly. The consequence was, some severe lectures to the manager, and sour looks and poutings, for which Pierrepont and Harriet were utterly at a loss to account.

At the end of a week, though not perfectly recovered, Pierrepont determined on leaving the cottage of the manager. Practical had secured places in the Sheffield *up* coach, and Pierrepont, having thanked Mr. De Dunstanville for the accommodation he had found, presented him with a five-pound note. Jack saw this transaction, and as Mr. Augustus, with many expressions of gratitude, was forwarding it to his pocket, called out in his usual way,

“There, now, give Mr. Pierrepont the change; give him four pounds fifteen shillings. What! did you think you were to keep it all?—Five pounds for a week’s shed-room!”

“I want no change,” said Pierrepont, “and feel myself much obliged.”

"Want no change!" exclaimed Jack, as Pierrepont retired with Harriet. "O you're mad! I must come after you to see you don't make away with yourself. — But, I say, De Dunstanville, — *Grub-bins*, I mean — I may as well call you by your real name; you must hand me over something out of this windfall."

"Windfall!" cried the manager; "no such great windfall. I don't know that I gain so much."

"And for my part, I should have been glad if we had never seen them;" added Mrs. De Dunstanville.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, "you may have reason for what you say;" at the same time giving a most significant look, which he knew would not fail to set her at the manager.

"Yes," replied the lady; "and every body can see it as well as I do. I won't put up with such treatment."

"I would not, if I were you;" cried the sympathetic Practical.

Mrs. De Dunstanville was by no means sure that Practical was sincere ; but the shadow of an ally, like the shadow of proof, is sufficient for jealousy ; and she accordingly went on in a more dramatic strain : —

“ I can endure it no longer. What can you complain of in my conduct ? Have I not been constant as the dove ? ”

“ Yes,” cried Mr. Augustus, with an air of mirth, which was probably the offspring of the present he had just received, “ to do you justice, you have stuck as close to me as a blister to a sick man’s back.”

“ And have been found faithful as the caterpillar to his cabbage,” added Practical, improving on the idea of the manager, and incapable of refraining from a scurrilous jest, cut which way it might.

The lady resumed her declamation, in the midst of which Mr. De Dunstanville rushed out in a rage. Jack was now in his glory. Pretending to soothe, he ex-

erted all his skill to exasperate, and found a prodigious treat in the fury which he inspired and sustained.

After enjoying himself for half an hour in this manner, it was necessary that he should follow Pierrepont, as he had engaged to convey some trifles, which had been left in his care, to the coach. He had quitted the house by the front door, when, recollecting a path over the fields behind, which he thought would be shorter, he retraced his steps. He was entering a small enclosure which joined the garden of the cottage, just as the manager, by way of consoling himself for the scolding which he had so lately received, was imprinting a chaste kiss on the lips of the sister of the woman mentioned as the owner of the cottage, who was then engaged in beating a carpet. Practical's approach was perceived. The carpet had been suspended over a line, and the manager slipping between the two sides, which came nearly

to the ground, believed that he had eluded observation. He deceived himself. The lynx-eyed Jack had detected the movement; and at this critical juncture Mrs. De Dunstanville made her appearance at the entrance of the inclosure to look for the female, who, overwhelmed with embarrassment, stood by the carpet without continuing to beat it, but without making any preparation for taking it down.

“Is n’t the carpet done yet?” was reproachfully enquired.

“Yes, that is, — almost,” replied the girl.

“Lord, Lord! how you talk!” cried Practical, snatching the long stick from her hand which she had just been using.

“Why, it is n’t half done. See what a dust I’ll kick up in a minute.”

And with these words he bestowed a shower of blows on the carpet, which brought Mr. Augustus on his marrow-bones in a moment. The manager

roared "murder!" — the girl squalled — and Mrs. De Dunstanville raging more vehemently than ever, approached to finish the punishment of her faithless shepherd, with a set of exceedingly well-disciplined nails; while Jack, after treating the party with the horse-laugh of a pantomimic clown, bawled to the manager, that having now thumped out part of his ar-rears, he should make his exit, and availing himself of an offer which he had received from Blarneygig, one of the London managers, should be off in "the twinkling of a bed-post" on the "upper crust" of a coach, to the metropolis, whence, he added "Mr. Grubbins would soon hear that he had cut a figure as *Coriolanus*; carried all before him, as *Alexander the Great*; and played the Devil in *Hamlet*."

CHAP. XIV.

“ I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix’d
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.” COWPER.

EXPOSED to dangers of the most appalling character, and to the severest privations, the sound constitution and energetic mind of Louisa Brinkman sustained little depression, and triumphed over all the difficulties of her situation. The exertion requisite to meet the perils and encounter the obstacles that daily presented themselves on their march, so occupied her thoughts, that weakness, fatigue, or indisposition, were unknown. But when these were surmounted — when she saw herself and her companions surrounded, with what were formerly the images of comfort, and when the imme-

diate cares of the day were not so numerous as to exclude all others, it was then that her gentle spirit broke, and the heart which firmly braved all the fury of the storm, sunk beneath the dreadful calm by which it was succeeded.

Mournful silence had taken place of that laughing vivacity, which once spurned at all restraint ; and those eyes, which had danced as revelling in exhaustless mirth, now sadly threw their humbled glances on the earth, or fixed on the melancholy countenance of him who had been her lover, seemed to implore that forgiveness for her parent, which duty to his own forbad him to accord. Henry read but too distinctly those feelings which he could not but commiserate and respect, but which he was denied the rapture of setting at rest.

Such thoughts had possession of his bosom on the morning after Le Blun's departure, when he received a message to attend Brinkman. He obeyed the

summons and found the father of Louisa alone. An air of collected fortitude sat on his countenance. His manner was calm, courteous, and dignified, and his whole deportment that of a man, who, by severe reflection, had with difficulty laboured his resolution up to the performance of some awfully important task. His solemn and impressive tones harmonised well with the external appearance of the man, and failed not to command mute attention and breathless expectation on the part of Henry.

“ At length,” he said, “ the hour is arrived, when all that I have to unfold must be made known ; when I must confess my sins, and lift the curtain of your destiny. It may not yet be too late to render you essential service, though, contemplating the irreparable calamity which has fallen on your family, you may regard yourself in the situation of a mariner, who, when his fortunes and his ship are already foundered, beholds the

long suppressed beacon suddenly throw its unavailing glare, on the bosom of the agitated wave.

“ I will not long detain you, and I shall endeavour to use the plainest language. It is not to a narrative like mine that the graces of elocution, — the decorations of fancy, and the niceties of artificial arrangement are necessary.

“ At the opening of my life, wealth and high connections seemed to invite ambition to successful enterprise. You are already informed of the passion I cherished for your mother, and of the manner in which my hopes were blasted.

“ Rejected, and as I believed, detested by her, with whose idea I had learned to associate every idea of happiness, I flew from what I considered the triumph of an artful and calumniating rival, to the enjoyments which dissipation offers. The tavern and the gaming-table divided my days and nights; and for these,

health, and wealth, and what remained of character, were sacrificed.

“Poverty brought reflection, and reflection a disposition to reform. I married a rustic beauty, and but for the recollection of your mother, might have been happy. I knew not the value of the treasure I possessed, till it was mine no more. When I saw her laid out for the grave, — when I saw the withering roses, which poured forth their last sweets on the cold bosom of departed loveliness, my heart was invaded by bitter remorse, and I felt, that as these had been snatched from their native vale to perish, so had the fair form on which they reposed been consigned to premature decay by my wanderings and neglect.

“My wife was of German extraction. To her relations in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh I intrusted the care of my child; and, as secretary to a Russian diplomatist, I visited several of the courts of Europe, and two of those in Asia.

Business, accident, and a roving disposition, in the years which followed, led me over most of the nations that are found on our orb. The particulars would fatigue you. Let it suffice to say, that my speculations were various, but in few instances successful; in some, most unfortunate; and I closed my travels in destitute circumstances.

“ I took up my abode near the school at which my child had been placed, and found her, (may I say it without weakness,) all that could charm a parent. Her delight at being restored to me, was only to be equalled by the wound inflicted on her sensibility, when she found that we must again part; but this, from the state of my finances, was absolutely necessary.

“ During my absence, the grand-mother of my wife died. She had willed, many years before, a small estate in England to her grand-daughter: but a male relation opposed the will, on the ground

that it had not been formally executed. The question was brought to trial.—Mr. Burleigh was his counsel and he prevailed.

“ I can now believe that your father was merely employed in the line of his profession ; but at the time I regarded his opposition to my interest, as the effect of little-minded malice. I forgot that the will only mentioned my wife by her maiden name, and believed that he, who had in the first instance assailed my reputation, delighted to avail himself of an opportunity of destroying my fortune.

“ I rejoined my daughter, and found her all gaiety and innocence. That which I resented and mourned as an irreparable injury, she considered a trifle unworthy of notice ; but when I looked forward to the friendless poverty to which she was exposed, my heart seemed to die within me ; and while I prized her more than all the earth possessed

beside, I often lamented that she had ever been introduced to existence.

“Reading an English newspaper one day, I found a detailed account of the death of my uncle and his two sons, who had all perished, with the wife and children of one of them, in a vessel that was lost on its passage to Ireland. His family was thus completely annihilated, and I was the heir to all his property.

“In consequence of this event, I hastened to England, when I found my claim most unexpectedly opposed by a third cousin, who produced a will, which I have no doubt was fabricated after the death of my relation. In this, the deceased was made to divide his property between his two sons, the whole of which, in case of their dying without issue, was to go to the person who brought this document forward, cutting me off, for my dissolute conduct, with a shilling.

The fraud appeared to me so appa-

rent, that the claim thus preferred gave me no uneasiness. The eloquence and ingenuity of your father, who was again opposed to me, placed it in such a point of view, that what had before seemed impossible, struck me as almost probable. He convinced me that the plot was not so contemptible as I had considered it; and he satisfied the Jury that there was no plot at all. Their verdict annihilated my last hope, and I found myself in London, the little that had remained to me having been exhausted by the proceedings, without one guinea in the world."

"Allow me to interrupt you for one moment," said Henry, "again to assure you that my father knew not that you were the party to whose interests he was opposed. He had understood that you were dead."

"I see but too much reason to believe it, and suspect that he was wronged by me from first to last. To proceed with

my narrative. While in England, awaiting the result of the proceedings to which I have alluded, I was weak enough to renew my acquaintance with those whom I had formerly met in the *Hells*, as the resorts of gamesters are, and not without some show of reason, denominated. Some of these who had originally been plucked as pigeons, had now become sharpers; and I found them well disposed to prove that they recognised me as an old acquaintance, by pressing me to take a part in every scheme that was pregnant with disgrace and ruin.

“ On the day of the trial, this banditti had succeeded in stripping me of what I till then possessed. With the mad desperation of a loser, I panted for an opportunity of appealing to the dice again, in the hope of revenging myself on the perfidious friends who triumphed in my misery. That opportunity I flattered myself would speedily be afford-

ed by the verdict about to be pronounced. You know the result.

“ For more than two days, stretched on my bed, I refused all sustenance, wildly execrating the baseness of mankind. When I reflected on the folly and depravity which, on my own part, had co-operated with the villany of others to accomplish my destruction, a glow of shame and remorse came over me, which almost deprived me of sense and recollection. I was but imperfectly recovered from this distraction, when I received the present which I formerly mentioned, from an unknown hand, — as I now believe from the virtuous being to whom I erroneously imputed the baseness of a demon. To find myself in possession of so considerable a sum gave me new hopes. I had a prospect of retrieving all, and I again sought my old haunts, revenged myself on those who had mocked my distress, and stripped

my friends, in one night, of more than fifteen hundred pounds.

“ Elated with success, I flattered myself that I had at length found the way to conquer Fortune, and guard against the miscarriages which in other times it was my lot to deplore. I was constant in my attendance ; and after a few weeks of fearful vicissitude — now raving in frantic agony, now revelling in degrading ecstasy, I was reduced to risk my all on one fatal cast — that cast was against me.

“ The maddening tumult which had surrounded me had excluded reflection ; but in that awful moment the consequences which ought to have suggested themselves in calmer hours, burst on my mind with all the aggravations that rage, shame, and fury could supply. Wild with despair, and racked by the mingled recollections of what I was, and what I might have been, there was no danger so great, no crime so diabolical, that I

could not have looked stedfastly upon, and braved the one, and perpetrated the other, to extricate myself from the overwhelming, hopeless ruin to which I had consigned myself.

“The devil in a human form, approached me. Sir James Denville, whom I had long known as a gaming companion, had come in at a late hour, just time enough to share that loss which reduced me to the state I have feebly attempted to describe.

“‘We are undone,’ said he.

“‘Irreparably,’ was my reply.

“‘It is now,’ he went on, ‘that you feel the loss of that property, which of right belongs to you, and which would have been yours at this moment but for —’

“‘But for the undying enmity of that fiend Burleigh,’ cried I, anticipating the conclusion of his sentence.

“‘And what now,’ he enquired, ‘would you do to retrieve your losses?’

“ ‘ Any thing,’ I replied, with eagerness.

“ ‘ Dare you go where I lead the way, — to certain fortune?’

“ ‘ To death, — to hell; I care not whither.’

“ ‘ Then follow me.’

“ ‘ We then retired. Arrived where we could confer secure from observation he accosted me thus: —

“ ‘ I sympathise with you, and there is a striking resemblance in our fortunes. You owe your ruin to Burleigh; he is also the author of mine.’ ”

“ ‘ O villain! villain!’ ” exclaimed Henry; “ my father was his kindest, best friend. He saved him from ruin; and at a large expense both of time and money, restored him to affluence, when, but for such generous interference, he must have fled the country in disgrace.”

Brinkman proceeded: — “ Sir James then informed me that for some trifling services and moderate advances, Bur-

leigh had taken advantage of him in an unguarded moment, to obtain his bond for 40,000*l*. ‘For this,’ said he, ‘he now threatens to sue me. But for his inhuman avarice I could assist you. He is then the destroyer of us both. And shall we submit to it? Shall we pitifully grovel, like the abject worm, beneath the foot that crushes us? No; rather let us turn on our proud foe, make him feel the adder’s venom, and prove our vengeance equal to the task of punishing his arrogance. I know where the bond which he holds is deposited. If you dare join me in the enterprise, one hour will make it ours; divided between us, it will give us future affluence, while each will enjoy the high satisfaction of having inflicted merited punishment on a cowardly and inveterate foe.’”

Henry’s face was suffused with tears during this recital; but when he heard the last words of Brinkman, he started from his seat, and lifting his eyes to

Heaven, exclaimed with impassioned energy, —

“Father of the universe! — Can such a miscreant pollute the work of thy creation. May slow devouring anguish blast me with a living death, if I allow my soul repose till I have brought this villain to account.”

“Calm your transports, young man,” Brinkman replied; “be guided by me, and the day of retribution and of triumph will shortly arrive, when this super-human monster shall howl before you in trembling despair, or, weakly attempting to oppose, writhe like a serpent in the eagle’s beak, frantic to sting, but impotent to wound.”

Henry made an effort to appear composed; he resumed his seat, and Brinkman proceeded: —

“The tempter chose well the moment for assailing my soul. What was my madness in that awful hour! — when my heart revolted not at this scheme of rob-

bery. Instead of repelling the ruffian with that abhorrence, which at any other period of my life such a proposition would have inspired, after starting some scruples as to the difficulty of accomplishing the crime, which he well knew how to over-rule, I yielded assent, and that instant we mounted two horses, which he had taken care should be in readiness, and hastened to Richmond.

“ We turned our horses into a field near the town, and soon arrived on foot at the peaceful mansion of your father. A faint ray issued from one window, but this, my companion assured me, came from a lamp which was kept burning in Mrs. Burleigh’s room during her sickness, and did not indicate that any member of the family was sitting up. An unusual fear came over me, — I repented the consent I had given, but ashamed to retrace my steps, I followed my companion without speaking. All around was awfully silent : preceded by

him, I passed over a wall at the back of the house, and thence, by the shelter of a door, to the roof of a kitchen or laundry, from which we entered the house by a window which admitted us into the room next to that in which your ill-fated father was then sleeping.

“The door of the bed-chamber opened into this apartment, and had not been closed that night. We distinctly heard the gentle breathings of Mr. Burleigh. He seemed to have fallen into a refreshing slumber, which forbade us to feel, for the moment, any apprehension from him.

“Sir James unshrouded a small dark-lantern, opened the desk of a small bureau, and began to examine the contents of a nest of drawers which it disclosed. I put my hand into one of them, and drew forth a pocket-book. On unclasping it, the miniature of your mother, which you have seen, met my view. I started, and a paper sliding

from beneath it, attracted my attention. It proved to be the bond of which Sir James had spoken. The pocket-book, with the portrait, I then placed in my bosom.

“ ‘ I have it,’ said I in a whisper to Sir James. — ‘ Let us instantly away.’ ”

“ Just then a slight rustling was heard in the adjoining room, like that of a person turning himself in bed. I felt much alarmed, but Sir James presenting a poniard, pointed to the bed-room, and replied in a low tone,

“ ‘ You had better make all sure.’ ”

“ For this I was not prepared, and I now shrunk from the wretch, as I ought to have done when he first approached me. The noise we had just heard was repeated, and Sir James hastily closed his lantern.

“ ‘ Is any one there?’ enquired Mr. Burleigh, in a mild tone which indicated surprise, but not the slightest fear.

“ My alarm was great before, but it now became terrible; and unable longer to struggle against the terrors which assailed me, I sprang to the window, leaped, or rather threw myself out of it, and scaled the wall. As I left the room, I saw Sir James dart towards the door of the bed-chamber, and an exclamation of amazement and agony burst on my ear as I descended. I then ran in the most fearful trepidation to the place where we had quitted our horses, without daring once to look behind me; starting at the slightest noise, and believing it to be the signal of discovery and pursuit.

CHAP. XV.

"O, were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!
I should possess the estate if he were dead."

DRYDEN.

"I COULD not immediately find my horse, or I should have continued my flight, without waiting to be rejoined by my late accomplice. The time thus lost enabled him to come up with me, just as I was about to depart. He mounted, and we took our way towards town. We maintained, as if by mutual agreement, the most profound silence. When we had accomplished several miles of our retreat, not daring to ask what he had done, I assumed resolution enough to enquire how he could think of using the dagger.

“ ‘ Dead men tell no tales,’ was the reply ; and we continued our journey without further conversation.

“ We dismounted from our horses at the place where they had been provided for us, and we walked on foot about a hundred and fifty yards, to an inn on the opposite side of the way. About half-way between the stable at which the horses remained and the inn at which a post-chaise was waiting, Sir James halted, took off a blue surtout which he had previously worn, and appeared in a white one. He tied a brick up with the coat which he had taken off, and we stepped into the chaise. The post-boy had before received his orders, and we drove off.

“ As we passed over Westminster bridge, Sir James directed the attention of the boy to some slight derangement of the harness. The postillion got off to examine it, and while he was thus employed on one side, the Baronet let him-

self out on the other, and threw the bundle which he had made of the coat over the balustrade of the bridge. We again started; the horses were urged to their utmost speed; and by four in the morning we arrived at Dartford.

“ We left the vehicle, and walked till we were out of sight of the place where it stopped. Sir James then told me that he was supposed to be sleeping at an inn which he pointed out to me: that he could get to his apartment by a little climbing at the back of the house, and I had nothing to do but to allow him ten minutes for the performance of his task, and then ring at the great gates, and demand that Sir James Denville should be called.

“ He vanished; and I did as he had directed. The gates were thrown open, and the Baronet made his appearance, yawning as if his slumbers had but just been disturbed, and swearing furiously at the hostler for causing him to keep his

friend waiting, by not calling him precisely as the clock struck four. He ordered a chaise, and we pursued our journey, posting in the regular way to Dover.

“ We arrived there about noon. On the road our conversation had been limited to a few brief questions and replies. In one part of the journey he grew rather loquacious on the subject of the perfect arrangements he had made to guard against our being traced, through the means of post-boys or innkeepers; but the horror which he saw imprinted on my countenance, seemed to lead him to suspect that he had not exercised a sound discretion in selecting me to be his accomplice. It was, however, his object to conciliate me; and though he gave up the idea of engaging me in conversation, he forced a hundred pounds upon me for present use, remarking that he could settle the rest by and bye. He added,

“You have the bond safe.” — And then for the first time, I mustered sufficient courage to enquire what had taken place at Burleigh’s when I retreated.

“Tell me,” said I, “does he live?”

“No.”

“Have you then ——!” I exclaimed; and my faltering tongue refused to give utterance to another word.

“I have;” he serenely replied. “I have taken *his* bond that he shall not appear against us in this world, whatever he may do in the next.”

“You, then ——” said Henry, “you did not deal the fatal blow! — It was not by your hand that my revered father was consigned to the tomb?”

“No;” replied Brinkman. “Thank Heaven, that guilt is not upon my soul. Mine was not the hand that struck the sleeper, — mine was not the head that planned his death, — nor mine the heart that assented to it. I basely concurred

with Sir James in a scheme of robbery ; but you yourself are not more guiltless of his murder than I am, so far as intention goes. But I was the comrade of the assassin. Had I not consented to accompany him, he perhaps would never have dared to make the attempt alone. My presence may have nerved his arm to perpetrate the crime, and thus I become an accessory, and as an accessory am regarded as a principal — as a murderer, in the eye of the law, and must answer accordingly.”

Henry was silent ; but, in the midst of the agony which the mournful details inspired, his heart derived some relief from learning that it was not under the poniard of Brinkman his father had expired.

The narrator proceeded, “ The horror which I had felt for my companion while I only suspected him, was infinitely augmented by his calm avowal of the crime, and that too with an air of horrible pleasantry. I shrunk from him with disgust

and abhorrence, and pretended a want of rest, that I might have an excuse for escaping from his detested society; but instead of wasting time by vainly seeking repose, I wandered over the neighbouring heights, revolving in my mind my past hopes and present situation. I compared myself to the great Enemy of mankind, whom I almost expected to encounter in those solitudes, and believed my feelings to resemble his, when, shorn of all his starry glory, the dazzling appendage of a celestial origin, he found himself precipitated to the lowest hell.

“ A day of unusual splendor had closed, and night was beginning gently to drop her veil on the tranquil face of creation, when I found myself alone on that cliff which the genius of Shakspeare has consecrated to eternal fame. I paused at its summit, and remembered the bold picture which the great dramatist had drawn of it, which was in this instance brought

completely to my view by the appearance of a samphire-gatherer, who had lowered himself in front of the cliff, having for all dependence a rope round his waist, the end of which was made fast to a small stake, carelessly inserted in the soil above. I was reflecting on the unchangeable character of the gigantic mass on which I stood, when hearing some one approach, I turned and walked away, but was speedily overtaken by Sir James Denville.

“ ‘ I have sought you every where,’ said he. ‘ What strange taste can induce you to wander here at twilight ?’

“ ‘ A disposition to use my limbs in the few hours of liberty that remain to them.’

“ ‘ Dismiss the dastard fear: my measures have been too well taken, to leave us any cause for alarm.’

“ ‘ Indeed !’

“ ‘ A few days will prove it, and all mankind will believe Burleigh to have fallen by his own hand. His writing I

can imitate so exactly that he himself could not distinguish a forgery executed by me, from what he himself had written. Before entering on the enterprise, I prepared a paper, purporting to be left by him, declaring in the most solemn manner the act to be his own.'

"Till that hour I had believed the sacrifice of your father's life to have been caused by the accident of his waking, at the moment when we were engaged in the work of depredation. I now learned that the murder had been deliberately resolved upon from the first.

"Sickening with horror, I turned from the assassin with disgust not to be concealed. The power of utterance had deserted me, and it was some minutes before I could offer any reply.

"Take,' I at length faltered, as we again approached the spot on which I had first heard him ascending the cliff—
'take the source and produce of your

crime, — take the bond, and let us part for ever.

“He received the paper which I drew from the pocket book and held to him, my face being averted, and my eyes fixed on the murmuring ocean. He put it up, and exclaimed in a soothing tone,

“‘Part for ever! Is that really your wish, my friend?’

“‘It is,’ I sternly replied, my face still turned from him as before. ‘It is my wish.’

“‘Then have it!’ he rejoined, in a voice of thunder; and in the same moment forced me headlong over the cliff.

“There my misery, on earth at least, would have terminated, but for the wretched man whom I have mentioned.

He at that instant was ascending with the produce of his evening’s toil, the increasing darkness making it impossible for him to continue his industry longer.

I fell on him, and the rope to which he

had made himself fast was broken by the shock. With eager grasp I clung to the unfortunate being, and we fell together to the bottom. His death was instantaneous; but I, though much bruised, had sustained no severer injury than a broken leg.

“Stunned by the fall, it was some time before I awoke to a sense of my situation. When at length capable of reflection, I considered that the inquiries which would necessarily be instituted, when the dead body of the samphire collector should be discovered, were not such as I could wish to be connected with, and I determined on crawling back to Dover. This occupied me some hours, and cost me a severe exertion; but I at length accomplished my purpose, gained admittance at the first hotel, and soon procured the assistance of a surgeon.

“The newspapers mentioned that a man had lost his life by falling over the cliffs, but in such a manner, that it did not ap-

pear who or what the sufferer was. The villain is therefore ignorant, up to this moment, that I escaped the fate he intended for me. - However great his exultation might be, at having, as he supposed, sealed for ever the lips of his accomplice, he must have experienced a severe drawback on his joy, when he found himself at leisure to examine the document which he had received ; for, in the gloom of the evening, I handed to him a paper which I had not seen before, and when I next opened the pocket-book, I found that the bond remained in my possession.

“I recovered but slowly from the effects of my fall ; and dissatisfied with the treatment I had received at Dover, I caused myself to be removed to London. There it was found that the fractured bone had been so badly set, that it was necessary to break the leg again. To this operation I submitted, and when so far recovered as to be able to walk on crutches, I deter-

mined to seek my daughter, and take up my abode in a little cottage, which, in the course of my journeyings, I had purchased at Leipsig. In the tranquillity which I looked for there, I proposed to recruit my health and mature my plans of vengeance.

“The ruin which had fallen on your family, through the success of the Baronet’s infamous scheme, pressed heavy on my heart. It was never absent from my thoughts, and it made that revenge, for which I panted on my own account, appear in my eyes nothing short of a sacred duty. Every day the portrait of your mother passed before me, to remind me of the task which I had to perform; and while I tasted the melancholy luxury of retracing her features, such as I had known them in the gay spring of life and in the meridian of beauty, I incessantly renewed my most solemn vows to avenge, if I could not repair, the frightful wrong which she had sustained, and sustained,

alas ! in part, through my concurrence with the nefarious project of the miscreant, Sir James.

“It was thus I was engaged, when you first saw me on board that vessel which conveyed us to Heligoland : I was displeased and surprised at the stedfast gaze you bestowed on the miniature, which accident transferred for a moment from my hand to yours. I afterwards thought you might render me essential service. The bond which I retained presented one instrument of vengeance. But how was payment to be enforced ? That was a question of no common importance. I was not prepared to appear before Sir James myself. To find some intelligent and resolute Englishman, — to attach him to me by kindness, — steel him against any representations which Sir James might make, and assign to him the task of demanding payment, was the course which I felt disposed to prefer. I calculated that large funds would speedily be at my

disposal, and think it not hypocrisy, when I add, that to restore nearly the whole of these to your ruined family, was the dearest wish of my soul.

“I have little to add, which it imports you to know; at least it may be expressed in few words. It is now my intention to proceed to England. There I would have you demand payment of the bond. If Sir James can satisfy it, let that be done before we proceed further. I will be close at hand; and, take what course he may, the assassin shall not escape. But this matter shall be arranged when we arrive in England, and the duty of bringing the homicide to justice performed, I cherish no hope, and can feel no anxiety for myself. This only would I venture to request, if late repentance can be allowed any claim to merciful consideration, that that feeling may be manifested not to favour the guilty, but to protect the innocent, and save the hapless Louisa from some of the calamities which

she might otherwise have to endure through the depravity of her wretched father."

Though Henry could not listen to the foregoing recital but with feelings of the deepest melancholy, mingled with these were some touches of hope, some throbs of joy, which he reproved himself for entertaining at a time like that, when grief for a father's fate and zeal to revenge it, claimed all his mind. Yet he thought it right to confess to Brinkman, that what he had heard relieved his bosom from an intolerable weight of woe.

And this he held it to be his duty to make known to Louisa. He remembered the frightful agony which his imprudent speech had inflicted, when he understood Brinkman to have been, not an unconscious accessory, but the actual murderer of his father, and he hastened to apprise her of the exaggeration into which he had been betrayed.

He sought her ; he found her. Partly aware of the business on which her father had wished to speak with Henry, she awaited in silent terror the result ; and her mild spirit sought a refuge from the calamities of earth in pious communication with its native heaven. Attired in spotless white, her hands, her eyes devoutly raised as in solemn appeal to the Deity, Henry beheld her, and paused for a moment, ere he could venture to disturb what flashed on his awe-struck senses as a radiant vision of celestial purity. He at length spoke, and her glance fell on him for an instant ; and then, as if she repented the involuntary wandering, it became fixed as before.

“ Loveliest of thy sex,” he exclaimed, “ forgive, forgive the impatience which hastens to tell, thy parent is not the criminal that I believed him to be.”

Louisa started, and he proceeded.

“ Such tidings I could not withhold ;

but anticipating that beaming smile of virtuous joy, I have ventured even to arrest your devotions, as the bold Patriarch of old, to gain a blessing, scrupled not to detain for a moment an angel from his God."

CHAP. XVI.

“ Pure light, mild essence, modest love !
Foretaste of bliss from realms above ;
Ethereal spirit, hail to thee !

Best, brightest boon to nature given,
That want'st but immortality
To be thyself a Heaven.”

PHILIBERT.

WHEN the party we left in Derbyshire starting for the metropolis, reached their destination, committing the few articles of luggage which accompanied them to the care of Practical, Pierrepont and Harriet took a hackney coach to Richmond. Arriving at the cottage to which Mrs. Burleigh had retreated, they found it shut up ; and a board placed in front of it, intimated that it was to be let on application to Mr. Item, the agent of Lord Burleigh.

It has been seen, that from a two-fold cause—from the disposition which friends,

as they are called, naturally feel to separate themselves from those on whom calamity has fallen ; and from the retiring sorrow of Mrs. Burleigh, which shrunk from seeking countenance where she had been accustomed to confer favours ; the moderate number of acquaintances which she counted during the life-time of her husband, had been considerably diminished, and none now remained on the spot to whom Harriet, after the late extraordinary occurrences, could have recourse for information or assistance. Pierrepont thought it would be advisable to proceed to Guilford, and place Miss Burleigh under the care of her noble relation. Though aware that Henry had experienced but little kindness from Lord Burleigh, he could not doubt but that his Lordship would readily offer an honourable asylum to a female so nearly connected with his family, if any new calamity had robbed her of the humble

home which she had hoped to share with her mother.

He promptly acted on this determination, and leaving Harriet in a private apartment at the White Hart in Guilford, directed his steps towards the proud mansion of her uncle.

His Lordship was within, and Pierrepoint had the good fortune to gain an immediate interview. Anxious not to intrude unnecessarily on the time of one so far above him in rank, he hastened to make known the object of his errand, and describing himself in general terms to have had the good fortune to relieve Miss Burleigh from a situation of extreme peril, he was about to mention his unsuccessful search for her mother as the cause of his waiting on his Lordship, when he was impatiently interrupted.

“And so, Sir,” cried his Lordship, “tired of, and satiated with your victim, you wish now to restore her to the family you have insulted.”

“ I do not understand you, my Lord.”

“ Perhaps not, Sir, but in that case, you must be singularly dull of comprehension. However, Sir, I will condescend to be a little more explicit. I understand there was a certain city clerk, who some time since left his employer in a way not exactly creditable to himself — who then became a strolling-player, and lastly a secretary to a Baronet, from whose house he was expelled, in consequence of its being discovered that an infamous connection subsisted between him and a member of my — or rather of my brother’s family. I presume I have now the honor of conversing with this clerk, stroller, and turned-off secretary.”

Pierrepont was so confounded at what he had just heard, and so at a loss to know which calumny to refute first, that he stammered for some moments, without being able to say any thing.

“ I perceive,” his Lordship added, “ that my conjecture is well founded.”

“ Your Lordship has been abused. In the first place —”

“ Stop, Sir ; before you divide your discourse into several parts, answer me one question. Is your name Pierre-point ?”

“ It is, my Lord.”

“ Then our conversation is at an end, and I am astonished at your transcendant assurance, in venturing into my presence at all.”

“ Allow me to say, my Lord—”

“ Not one word. — Begone, Sir — There is the door.”

“ Your Lordship has been basely imposed upon, and if you will —”

“ Begone, I say. — There is the door ; and if you do not walk out this instant, you shall be turned out with such discipline as you merit.”

As he spoke, his Lordship advanced with a menacing aspect, as if disposed to eject the retiring visitor by main force.

“ Begone !” he repeated in a threaten-

ing tone—“Begone, fellow, if you wish to escape chastisement. There is the door.”

“I see it, my Lord, and intend to pass it in one moment; but I must first take the liberty to remark, that there is the window, and the man who uses violence with me, will stand a chance of going headlong out of it, whether it happens to be your Lordship, or your Lordship’s gentleman.”

“Begone, Sir.”

“I must first ask, if your Lordship will inform me where the injured Miss Burleigh may find her mother.”

“Her mother has no desire to see her now, and I have no information to impart of any kind *to you*.”

His Lordship then contemptuously turned away, and Pierrepont, burning with indignation and grief, returned to the hotel.

When Harriet learned the reception with which he had met, the situation in

which she found herself was so much more calamitous than any thing she had anticipated, that her spirits sunk beneath the shock. An unwonted paleness invaded her cheek, — she staggered to a chair, on which she sunk almost fainting, while she faltered out the mournful exclamation, —

“ I have not one friend left in the world !”

Pierrepoint took her hand respectfully, fixed his eyes stedfastly on hers, and while a tear struggled to intrude on his manly cheek, inquired,

“ Is it even so? Does Miss Burleigh think that she has not *one* friend ?”

The tone of tender melancholy and fond expostulation in which he spoke, roused all the sensibility and gratitude of Harriet.

“ Forgive me,” she cried ; “ I have long regarded you as more than a friend, — I have viewed you as a brother.”

“ And Heaven is my witness, that till

this hour I aspired to no other distinction. I calculated on no greater earthly happiness, than that of being useful to you when danger assailed. No sordid lust of beauty, — no envy of those charms, which made my soul their captive in the first moment it was mine to behold them, has ever surprised me into a declaration of that passion, which I could not but cherish, but which I resolved should consume itself in silent retiring admiration of its object. But now let me claim a higher honour, and a greater happiness. — Nay, turn not away — avert not your countenance in scorn.”

Harriet mildly turned towards him, exclaiming,

“Scorn! — and for you, Pierrepont! O, never!”

“Then will you deign to confirm — to admit my claim to the distinction I would crave. View me now for the first time — now that malice and calumny, distress and sorrow pursue you on every side —

as your lover ; promise to bless me with that hand, and give me a legal right to defend your person, and vindicate your honour."

" I should ill requite the gallant heart that has dared so greatly, and done so much to save me from destruction, were I now to take a further advantage of your noble nature, by inseparably connecting your fate with that of a degraded beggar."

" Degradation can never attach to Harriet Burleigh. Illustrious in distress, your virtues and your beauties throw a splendour on adversity, that makes me almost enamoured of calamity. Condescend to make me your protector for life, and I shall bless the woe that taught you to consent."

" That shall you never ! For, yielding to the generous prayer of my preserver, the Deity who gave me being knows I would not so surrender myself but to him, who, were I mistress of every thing that rank, power and riches can supply,

would command all, and with them my undivided heart."

Pierrepoint imprinted a burning kiss on her hand, and gazed on her in an ecstasy of astonishment.

"O my Harriet! I will not so wrong the gratitude which glows in my bosom, as to suffer inefficient language to attempt its expression. I will only say, that we may — and intrepid hope tells me that we shall, see days of less anxiety — of more unclouded aspect; but never shall I know an hour of purer transport than this, which has consecrated even calumny and insult, by associating with the recollection of them the heavenly smile, which has promised me the richest prize my heart could have claimed, had it been my lot to tread the highest paths of fame and fortune."

It became matter of serious consideration with Pierrepoint, where to place Harriet. Both were much embarrassed

on this subject ; when it struck him that she might probably find accommodation in the house of the venerable Kendall. Nothing, under existing circumstances, could have been more agreeable to Miss Burleigh than this suggestion. They acted on it with little delay, and the good man and his family rejoiced at again numbering among their inmates one of the children of Mr. Burleigh ; while the occasion called forth their sincere regrets, and unaffected sympathy.

Pierrepont took a lodging in the neighbourhood. He now from the state of his finances, found it necessary to decide on some plan for the regulation of his future conduct. As a preliminary step, he felt called on to repel the aspersions which had been cast on his character by Mr. Hanson. Though but ill provided with the means of carrying on a law-suit, he was much disposed to venture on the experiment ; but it oc-

curring to him, that his object might possibly be accomplished with more expedition, and less risk, by taking another course. If he could let the Deputy know, that he was prepared to appeal to the laws of his country, he thought it likely that he might obtain reparation, without actually making the appeal. With this feeling he determined on sending to him. Practical, though engaged on good terms at one of the theatres, came daily to make complaints to Pierrepont of the tyrannical stupidity of his new manager, who had incurred his displeasure by not bringing him forward as Hamlet; for Jack, though but five feet two inches high, with a nose, the lower part of which expanded into something like the termination of a trumpet, always considered his forte to lie in tragedy. Pierrepont determined on getting him to wait on Mr. Hanson with a message from him. He thought it would be better to ascertain something

of the state of the Deputy's feelings by a third person, before he called himself; and the shrewdness of Practical, and the quickness of observation by which he was distinguished, might in this instance be turned to account.

In pursuance of this resolution, Jack was made acquainted with all the merits of the case. The idea of co-operating with Pierrepont in punishing a proud and sordid citizen, was to him delightful.

“It's meat and drink to me,” cried Jack, “to hunt down a Philistine like this; and if he don't treat me with proper respect, I'll give him such a refresher, as shall operate as a warning to beggarly insolence and upstart pride, and make them cautious, for the future, how they approach such upright and dignified characters as Mr. George Pierrepont, and John Practical, Esquire.”

CHAP. XVII.

“ I did ever dream that, once in my life, good fortune would warm her cold hand in my naked bosom, and that once is now come.”

CHAPMAN.

PIERREPOINT expected that Jack would return in the course of a few hours ; but he came no more that night. This rather surprised him, and he could only account for it by supposing the player to have been detained by some of his old irregularities, till he judged it too late to make his appearance.

Rising rather earlier than usual on the following morning, Pierrepont took a walk before breakfast. He happened to stroll towards the church-yard, and perceiving that there was a public path through it, he entered, and amused him-

self with reading some of the inscriptions, which the grief or the folly of individuals had bestowed on the last resting-place of their friends or relations. One newly-erected tomb attracted his attention from its extraordinary magnitude. He approached the enormous mass, and with some surprise read as follows:—

THIS MAUSOLEUM

Is erected

As a small mark of affectionate esteem,

To the memory of Mrs. JEMIMA HANSON,

The lady of Mr. Deputy Hanson,

Of this parish ;

And

Of the parish of St. Mildred, in the Poultry ;

Deputy for the Ward of Cheap to the Common Council
of the City of London.

Reader,

To enumerate her virtues

on this small tablet,

is impossible.

Meek, generous, and sincere,

She was

A pattern to her sex.

An affectionate wife,—a fond mother,—a faithful friend ;

A liberal benefactress to the poor.

“ She was, — but words are wanting to say what,
Say what a wife should be, and she was that.

Ordained to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warmed me, and whose beauty blessed ;
She never knew ill-nature, rage, and pride,
Nor gave her husband grief until she died."

Her disconsolate husband,
In memory of his irreparable loss,
Which no time can heal,

or

Materially mitigate,
Erected this Monument.

Pierrepont could not refrain from a smile, while reading such a tribute to the virtues of Mrs. Hanson. Though satisfied that more was expressed than in strict justice ought to have been said, when he recalled the effect which the death of a member of a family usually produces on the survivors, he could easily believe that when Mrs. Hanson was no more, her husband would feel greater tenderness than on some occasions he had evinced while she was living. He perceived, from the date on the stone, that that lady had been dead but two months ; and in the embarrassment, if not in the distress, in which the Deputy might be placed by such an event, he half regretted having

sent to him a messenger like Practical, who would lose no opportunity of sporting a jest, without regard to the widower's feelings or situation.

While these reflections occupied his mind, he saw the subject of them approach. Jack perceived Pierrepont, and hastened to join him. The latter enquired what had prevented him from returning on the preceding night.

“ You know,” cried the player, “ the old saying, that ‘ Most haste is the worse speed ;’ so I took my time, that I might do my task well ; and the consequence was, it was near one o’clock in the morning when I found myself on my way back. A coach and horses stood in the street, but the driver was not with them. That was no fault of mine, you know. So I determined to drive myself home, and give the man the fare the next time I met him. I mounted the box, and had got as far as Pentonville, when I was hailed by a gentleman and lady who

wanted to go to Hyde-park-corner. This was a thing not to be lost ; — all's fair in *fare* time, you know : so I took them up and drove like fury to Piccadilly, the gentleman and his wife screaming out of the windows all the way, that the coach would be overturned. When I set them down, the husband swore that he would have me before the Commissioners ; so, by way of mollifying him, I demanded double the usual fare. He paid it me, reiterating his threat ; and I, after desiring him to take my number and enter it in his pocket-book, lest it should slip through his cullender-like noddle, drove off again. I got as far as the Hay-market on my way back, when I had another call, and off I went with a new customer to Tower-hill. I charged him seven shillings, which he paid without a word ; but I saw him look very sily at my number, which by the light of a lamp, he was able to see. By this time the horses were completely knocked up, and

as I was tired I left off flogging them ; the consequence was, they went so slow that I absolutely fell asleep on the box. However I soon *fell awake*, for a gentle blow on the burr of the ear sent me head-over-heels off my perch, and I had to stand a battle with the coachman, who had been running about all night after his coach and cattle, and now seemed to have lost his temper. I gave him two or three taps on the skull ; but he paid me off with a confoundedly heavy hand, and I was glad to toddle as fast as my shanks would carry me. He was afraid to leave his horses again, and did not follow me far, and I got off, consoling myself with the reflection, that

‘ He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.’

So you see I have been detained wholly through my anxiety to make haste.”

“ Your mad pranks will get your neck into a halter one of these days,” said Pierrepont.

“I may get a *drop* too much, hey! What a handsome corpse I should make!”

Here Jack indulged in a loud laugh, at the conceit which had just struck him. Pierrepont endeavoured to repress his mirth, by reminding him that he was in a churchyard, at the same time pointing to the monument of Mrs. Hanson.

Practical saw the name, read the latter part of the inscription, and was convulsed with a new burst of ungovernable laughter.

“I beg your pardon,” said he, “but yours Pierrepont, must join with me, when you have heard what I have to say. After this, I shall expect something of the sort from manager Strut, when *Bandy Juliet* makes her exit. To do your bidding, I went yesterday to the house of the Deputy. I assumed an important look, and when told that he was up stairs, I said I would step to him myself; and up I bounced, before the

servant could give notice of my approach. As I ascended, I heard something of music, which put me in mind of De Dunstanville's orchestra, consisting of a fiddle and a half, and a flute. But the sounds had ceased when I got to the door. In I bolted, and there I found the Deputy, seated with an old acquaintance of mine, Miss Catlap, who was down at Matlock with her aunt the season before last. There was the disconsolate widower and Miss Catlap (as was,) cooing like two turtle-doves. The lady was seated at a piano, and the Deputy by her side had a violin pressed against his shoulder with his left hand, while his right, in which he grasped the bow, was passed round her neck. The moment I entered, he was in the act of giving her a salute. I accosted her as Miss Catlap, she gave me a very friendly welcome, and the Deputy having informed me that he had the honour of

being that lady's husband, I offered my congratulations on their happy union."

"What!" exclaimed Pierrepont, "and is he married again so soon?"

"To be sure he is; and the Deputy is so uxorious, that all the time I remained there, and they made me spend the evening with them, he was every five minutes pressing her hand, patting her cheek, or pinching her knees, as you and I would have done when we were boys of seventeen. They were rehearsing for a concert, which they were to give last night at their new house in St. James's Street. Thither, delighted at having caught a theatrical, they took your humble servant, and treated me like a prince. The concert was delightful. The scraping of the Deputy on the fiddle was excellent, and Miss Catlap bumped some very funny sounds out of the piano, with those two sets of beef sausages (covered with rings), which she uses as fingers; and for the glees,

if you had but heard Miss Catlap's howl, Lady Snarl's screech, the Deputy's yelp, and my bellow, you would have found our combined powers furnished a sample of discord not to be surpassed."

"But in the midst of all this junketting, my business was of course entirely forgotten."

"No, I contrived to manage that by a side wind. I mentioned as a matter of general information, that by the death of an old fellow in the country, a brother-actor in private, of the name of Pierrepont, had become very rich. This made the Deputy stare and find his seat rather uneasy. Then, as his friend, I told him that I heard it was your resolution to vindicate your character, by prosecuting him, if it cost you five thousand pounds. He consulted me as to what it would be wisest to do. I recommended him to write a circular letter disavowing the meaning which had been supposed to attach to the other, and to compliment you with a

present of two hundred pounds. I offered to be the bearer of this proposition, and to use my friendly offices to get you to accept of it. He accordingly wrote a letter to be submitted to you, and here is a copy of it in his handwriting, and a promissory note for the money. I wanted hard cash, but unluckily, he had not so much in the house, (though he seems to be immensely rich, if one may judge from the style in which he lives), and so, as I wished to strike while the iron was hot, I caught at the note."

Pierrepoint was agreeably surprised at the manner in which the negociation had been concluded. The document placed in his hands was of great importance, and the money was far from being unacceptable.

With a mind much relieved, he hastened to communicate the intelligence of the morning to Harriet, and she, though sad at being denied the

solace of a mother's love, to which she had fondly believed herself about to be restored, was not insensible to this fortunate change in the affairs of Pierrepont. The note of Mr. Hanson had a month to run. The time had half expired, when Pierrepont, notwithstanding the stedfast refusal of Kendall to receive any remuneration, found his cash exhausted. The day which in compliance with his pressing representations had been appointed for his union with Harriet, had nearly arrived, and it therefore became necessary to cash the bill. He applied to a money-lender whom he had formerly known, to discount it, when, to his infinite amazement and chagrin, he was met with a refusal, and referred to the list of bankrupts in the Gazette of the preceding night, at the head of which appeared the name of Mr. Hanson.

He left the office in unspeakable confusion and dismay. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he was recalled,

and informed that the note could be cashed, as it was understood that Mr. Hanson had enough to pay every body and would immediately go on again. Something more as discount was exacted, and Pierrepont, having put his name on the paper, received the money.

A month had passed since Harriet took up her abode in the house of Mr. Kendall. All enquiries after her mother had proved unsuccessful, and the day had now arrived on which she had promised her hand to Pierrepont.

He was rejoicing in the conviction that no future separation would be necessary, when a single knock was heard at Kendall's door, and a stranger having desired to see Mr. Pierrepont, the latter soon found himself in the custody of a bailiff, (Mr. Hanson's note having been dishonoured,) by whom he was conducted to a sponging house in Cursitor-street.

He had scarcely time to look round

the apartment to which he was introduced, when he heard himself accosted with —

“How d’ye do, Mr. Pierrepont? — I am very glad to see you.”

“I am much obliged to you,” replied the prisoner, who now recognised in the speaker a person in whose house he had formerly rented an apartment, “but I cannot say that the pleasure is mutual.”

“No, I suppose not, but it will be soon. Pray, what are you brought here for?”

“I am sorry to say that I have been convicted of poverty.”

“I supposed it to be something of the sort, but I meant to ask how much is your debt?”

“Two hundred pounds.”

“Is that all! — Well, I will pay it for you, and shall only desire you to stand five hundred per cent. as interest.”

“That is certainly very moderate,

considering the risk you would run of losing your principal."

"I am not afraid of that if you are content to pay five hundred per cent. interest, when you can afford a thousand."

"Really, I am at a loss to understand the game with which you are amusing yourself."

"I hope," said Mr. Holdfast, "you will not think it a bad one, when I tell you that at this stage of it you are liberated."

"How! Liberated?"

"You are. I take upon myself the debt for which you have been touched."

"And may I now go where I please?"

"No."

"How then?"

"You must go where I direct. I have been long at work for you, and you must now begin to work for yourself."

"There is something intolerably per-

plexing in all this. If you are not merely sporting with me, explain."

"You may remember," said Mr. Holdfast, "that among the few articles of your property left at my house, there was a small iron box. My rattle-brained son, who lately came home from sea, found it a few weeks back and broke it open. I entered just in time to save the papers it contained from his inspection, and was about to put them up again, when certain words that caught my eye excited such a strong feeling of curiosity, that, I beg your pardon for the freedom, I took the liberty to read them. What they disclosed is of the utmost importance to you. I have enquired after certain persons who can speak to particular facts, and find all exactly right. I was anxiously seeking you, and had determined on advertising you by name in the public papers. But come into another apartment—look over the docu-

ments, and they will tell the story you are interested in knowing in a more satisfactory way than I can."

Pierrepoint followed, and read with astonishment the contents of the iron box. He no longer wondered at the anxiety of Sir James Denville to get them into his possession; and the mysterious power so rudely exercised over him by Calthorpe was explained. He determined to avail himself of the arrangements made by Mr. Holdfast, without loss of time. But one hour he devoted to let Harriet know that he was at liberty.

Pierrepoint flew to console a mourner. But Harriet, whom he had expected to find dissolved in tears of sorrow, met him with smiles of unaffected joy.

"I am free," he exclaimed.

"Then I am happy some days sooner than I expected. But my brother Henry has arrived in England. Business of immense importance claims his presence in

Derbyshire. He knew not whether he should find leisure to see you before his departure, but within this week he promised himself the happiness of returning, to bring liberty to his friend and brother."

"Indeed! — Strange events are about to take place, and a singular coincidence seems to unite the destinies of Pierrepont and Burleigh. I have much to tell, but have no time to tell it. This moment I must leave you."

"Leave me, Pierrepont!"

"Even so; and need I say the call is most potent, that can make me willingly fly the banquet that awaits me in your loved society. Pierrepont you will see no more; but I shall soon return, not as the humble outcast to whom you have condescended to promise your hand, but as one, whose rank and fortune might in some sort excuse the presumption which scrupled not to claim the prize I boast as mine. Adieu, my Harriet — when next

we meet—and it will be very soon, I shall have time for explanation.”

With these words he retired, leaving Harriet bewildered in a joyful maze of wonder and surmise. Returning to Holdfast's, he found Henry Burleigh enquiring for him. The joy they experienced at meeting need not be pictured; and we may therefore be allowed to drop the curtain on the friends' embrace.

CHAP. XVIII.

“ O, what a look !

O, what a ruthless, stedfast eye, methought

He fixed upon my face, which to my death

Will never part from me !”

SACKVILLE.

HIGHLY incensed as Sir James Denville would have been at being deprived of Harriet when he thought her securely in his power, under any circumstances and by any human being, he was more exasperated and mortified by the part Pierrepont took in that transaction, than he could have been by the interference of any other person under heaven. From the moment he discovered that the box, which has been mentioned, had been confided to him, having failed to get it transferred to his own keeping, he had laid it down as a principle for the regu-

lation of his future conduct, that he must on no account part with his secretary. He considered it probable that at some period or other that might happen,—which it has been seen did occur,—that Pierrepont would meet with the person on whose premises the box had been left, and recover the subject of his anxious but unavailing search.

If he cherished a moderate hope that this might so fall out while Pierrepont remained attached to his interest, a fearful dread that it would take place invaded his bosom, the moment he found that Pierrepont had left him as an enemy. To guard against him, became his sole study, and the result of his meditations came to this,—that it was his interest to degrade his late secretary by every means in his power. By destroying his character, he calculated on injuring him in his circumstances, so that distress might compel him to try his fortune in some other country, and thus

remove the chance of making the discovery, of which Sir James lived in such fearful apprehension.

Accordingly, on gaining his release from the prison in which he was left by Pierrepont, having made enquiries which satisfied him that the fugitives could not have taken the London road, he availed himself of his capacity of enduring rapid and fatiguing journies, to hasten to the capital, and by a plausible tale, which cost a fertile invention like his but little labour, to prejudice those to whom Miss Burleigh might present herself against both Harriet and Pierrepont. The latter was described by the Baronet to be a most profligate character, and to have been dismissed from his employment in consequence of its having been discovered that he maintained as a mistress, the daughter of his friend the late Mr. Burleigh.

But his malice did not stop here. Anxious to blast the prospects of the

man who had twice snatched his intended victim from his grasp, he directed his principal agent in infamy, a wretch of the name of Wheeler, who had co-operated in both his attempts on Harriet, to endeavour to trace Pierrepoint wherever he might go, and if possible to spread some snare for him, that should make him feel the vengeance he had provoked.

It so happened that this man was at the office to which Pierrepoint repaired to get Mr. Hanson's note discounted, when it was returned as worthless. He knew Pierrepoint, but was not recognised himself, and it instantly struck him that a favourable opportunity had offered for gratifying his employer and accomplice. The reader need not be reminded of what immediately followed; it is hardly necessary to add that the subsequent arrest was the completion of Wheeler's triumph; and that a circumstantial detail of this transaction was exultingly

forwarded to Sir James, on the day that saw Pierrepont conducted to the sponging-house as a prisoner.

The Baronet, soured by the repeated disappointments, which he had experienced, had since his last defeat, passed much of his time in solitude. Absorbed in melancholy rumination, he one day threw himself carelessly on a sofa in the large saloon, which he had formerly fitted up for theatrical representations. Landscapes executed by eminent artists on a very large scale, covered the spacious walls : the most smiling and romantic representations of Nature in her brightest and most splendid moments, met the eye in every direction, and would have afforded an almost exhaustless treat to a mind at ease. These paintings had formerly been his boast and delight, but his gloomy and satiated view was now turned coldly from them, or his indignant scowl reproached them as impostors, which having

promised pleasure, seemed but to aggravate the bitterness of shame and baffled vengeance, — of mortified pride and disappointed rage.

He was in this mood, when a letter was brought. Its contents gave him new life, for they informed him that Pierre-point was a prisoner. The object of his hate had felt his wrath, in the very moment when the prize which he had supposed him all along to have calculated upon as the reward of his darings in the cause of Harriet, seemed beyond the reach of fate. There was luxury in the thought; and the cold, downcast, rayless eye, which had before sought to retire from the unwelcome light, now sparkled with rapture, and glistened with ferocious exultation.

A feeling of remorse came over him, a momentary shrinking from himself, while the dark deeds that had stained his career passed in mental review before him. He repelled it —

“Away, ye phantoms!” he exclaimed. “What is life but a dream? It is; it can be no more. Of what import then is it, if one shadow blots out another; if one bubble is broken by its fellow, while gliding down the convulsed and troubled tide of life!”

He resumed the perusal of the letter. Again his eyes were feasted with the tidings that Pierrepont was no longer at liberty.

The door of the saloon suddenly opened, and Pierrepont stood before him.

With breathless amazement, Sir James looked, first at the well known face and form of his late secretary, and then at the letter which he retained in his hand. Unable to account for what he had read, and what he saw, and wholly incapable of forming a surmise as to the means by which Pierrepont could have obtained his release and the object of his errand there, he uttered no sound, but fixed to

the spot, continued wildly gazing on the intruder.

Pierrepont advanced. "It seems to surprise you," he remarked, "that I should so soon re-visit you. Doubtless you believed that you had taken sufficient care to guard against such a surprise."

"I was not indeed prepared," Sir James replied, "to look for any new outrage from you. Your former success of course inspires the present insolence, which so rudely invades my house and bursts on my privacy. You will perhaps do well to retire as expeditiously as you have entered. We are not now in exactly the same situation as when we last met,—for then the armed ruffian, in the solitude and silence of midnight, could assail his master and taunt superior rank with impunity."

"Most true it is that we are not exactly in the same situation as when my arm chastised your brutality in the lonely

ruin, for then, in the midst of my resentment, I recognised you as its lord."

"How!—"

"Be dumb!—Repress that vacant gaze, and listen. Nay, seek not to disguise terror under the mask of contempt. Your astonishment, though not your dismay, shall be short-lived. You shall not wait for explanation."

"What explanation?"

"That which may account for my disregard of forms in waiting on you this day. I use no ceremony in entering my own house—and this I claim as mine: and know, since it offends you that men of lowly origin should venture on freedoms with their superiors, I come before you to-day with all reverence for high rank, to flash before the haughty boaster of illustrious birth the real glories of his dynasty."

Sir James trembled while attempting to assume the appearance of composure; and his voice faltered while he replied:—

“ I know not whether you are mad-man as well as villain, but this attempt shall not escape punishment.”

“ No escape is sought — none can be effected. For me it will not be wanted ; and you will learn full soon that, for you, retreat is impossible. Know you this ?”

Pierrepoint, after producing a small iron box, continued: “ You desired to possess it. — There it is. I promised that you should have it, and I keep my word. But you would know its contents, perhaps. They are at your service, Mr. Calthorpe.”

“ Calthorpe !” exclaimed the other, with an involuntary start of horror.

“ Aye, Calthorpe. Do you not know your own name ? Have you forgotten the day when you found one of your tenants, on whom your bailiff had distrained, hardy enough to remonstrate with his landlord on his cruelty ? Have you forgotten that when he had in vain appealed to your humanity as a man, he

called upon you by the name of son, to restore the confiscated property of your father?"

"What nonsensical tale is this!"

"Hear a little more of it before you give it a character. Have you forgotten how he proved to you that the late Sir George Denville, wishing his son to be brought up in the hardy, healthful, and industrious exercises of humble life, placed him, yet an infant, in the care of that Calthorpe, whom you and I have abundant cause to remember; and who, at that time, occupied a cottage on the estate of Sir George, having a fine healthful young woman (selected to be the child's nurse), for his wife. He told you this, and added that Sir George and his Lady went to Italy for a year-and-a-half. In their absence the child did not thrive, and Calthorpe was fearful of incurring the displeasure of Sir George on his return. Accident placed his own healthy and robust boy before the Baronet. Sir

George thought he recognised his offspring, and was delighted with the improvement which appeared to have taken place. To Calthorpe this fortunate mistake suggested the idea of presenting his son as the heir of the Baronet. You, in consequence of this, on the death of Sir George succeeded to his title and estates, while the real Sir James Denville remained in poverty and obscurity."

"Have you finished your romance?"

"Not quite. You at first stoutly denied all relationship, but when Calthorpe told you that your real initials were marked with gunpowder on the sole of your left foot; when you found that the marks he described were there, — and when you learned that the person who imprinted them, — that the mother who bore you, but who had deserted her husband, with one or two other persons, could both identify you and the individual whom you had so long represented, you at last rightly

considered all denial vain, and applied yourself to bribe your father to silence. The real Sir James had been previously sent away, and Calthorpe refused to let you know where he might be found, lest, (for he had some reason to suspect you), an attempt should be made on your part, to put it out of his power to bring him forward if he should be wanted."

"Has the old villain dared to state all this, or are these inventions of your own?"

"You know right well, Sir James — Mr. Calthorpe, I mean, that they are not inventions of his or mine. You know that the facility with which your father could extort money from your terror, made him forget his former industry, and give himself up to low dissipation. His calls on you became so frequent, and were so insolently made, that one day you dashed him to the ground, threatened his life, and would have carried your threat into execution, had he not repre-

sented to you that his death would cause certain papers which were in other hands to be immediately opened, and that your humiliation would be the certain consequence. Upon that, you abstained from committing the meditated murder and suffered your parent to live, on his solemnly promising to collect the papers of which he had spoken, by the next day, and place them in your custody. Need I remind you, that when you went to receive them you saw him giving this box to the guard of a London coach; and that after amusing you for several hours, he told you that it contained what you wanted; having, in consequence of your undutiful violence, done what he had not thought of doing before, and sent off the documents to him who had a right to hold the title and estates which you enjoyed, that whenever the life you had placed in jeopardy might terminate, your pride should be lowered. In the details of this transaction, which he added to

the other documents at a subsequent period, he speaks of this precaution as having operated a most salutary change on his wretched son."

"And who, think you, will believe these wretched fictions?"

"Those who saw how tamely you submitted to the insolent extortions of Calthorpe, who marked your agitation when his death was at hand, and who assisted in the anxious enquiries made after that which I have this day brought for your acceptance."

"I see your intentions, and laugh them to scorn. You then would represent yourself to be the heir of the late possessor of this property?"

"Such you will find I am."

"You then are the son of Sir George Denville. It was for you that I was substituted thirty-seven or thirty-eight years ago. You, I presume, mean to swear that you are thirty-nine years of age."

“ Not so, Mr. Calthorpe. You will not find that that is necessary.”

“ O! then your tale takes another course. The exchange, I suppose, took place at a later period; and I, a rustic boy of sixteen or seventeen years, was cleverly substituted for a child that had seen as many months; and the good father, suspecting no trick, was delighted to find his offspring so fine a boy of his age. This was an ingenious scheme, and worthy of the talents of your friend Calthorpe!”

“ Speak more respectfully of your departed sire—a sire ignoble and wretched it is true, but not so vile as to rest secure from being disgraced by his son. I am not the child for whom you were substituted.”

“ Indeed!” Sir James contemptuously exclaimed.

“ But I am the son of that child, and the grandson of Sir George Denville.”

Sir James, or rather Mr. Calthorpe,

as Pierrepont chose to call him, paused for some moments, without attempting speech. On a sudden, unusual vivacity sat on his visage, and a burst of laughter followed.

“ This then,” he scornfully replied, “ is your story ! Unluckily for you, there is one thing you forget ; and which if you had been imposed upon by any nonsense that dreaming fool Calthorpe left behind him, would at once undeceive you. He told me in his dying moments (and you were present at the time), that James was dead.”

“ You then admit that such a person did live, and that you, by consequence, are, and have been all your life, an impostor.”

“ I have little objection to admit all you have told me ; and leave you to make what use you can of it, when I remind you that Calthorpe, with his last breath, intimated that Sir James perished while yet but a boy.”

“ I remember it well, and understand the trembling eagerness with which you put the question to the dying man. My answer to it is very brief. Sir James Denville, away from his home, having no parents to attend to him, married when but seventeen years of age ; and lost his life before he was eighteen, through a fall from a stage-coach. Calthorpe might therefore signify that he died while yet a boy, though, had speech remained to him, he would undoubtedly have added, but not before he became a father.”

“ ’Tis false — false — from beginning to end. I pronounce the whole tale to be an ill-connected fabrication.”

“ Pronounce it to be so still. But it does not happen to depend upon you whether it shall be so considered. Happily the witnesses formerly spoken of still survive : the marks on your person cannot have been removed, without leaving traces of the efforts made to obliterate

ate them. The man who imprinted them shall appear before you ; and Mrs. Calthorpe, your aged mother, shall be summoned from her shop in Covent Garden, where she is now vending vegetables, to receive your filial embrace."

" No doubt before you embarked in this enterprise, you took care to secure accomplices, who would swear to any thing."

" Not so. I happen to know, from your history, Mr. Calthorpe, that accomplices are not to be used with safety. But I am now losing time. I have only to require you to give up my property, and to insist on your leaving this house immediately."

" I am not inclined to do so at your bidding. Rather than give up to you, I would throw the whole into Chancery."

" That will not be in your power. You have admitted that you are not the person whose name you bear."

“ Have it so. Now, where are your witnesses to the admission?”

“ Here is one of them,” Pierrepont calmly replied, pointing to Henry Burleigh, who had entered the saloon.

It was with shuddering alarm that Sir James, if we may still call him so, recognised the brother of Harriet, advancing towards the place where he stood. The solemnity of his manner announced that he had no common part to perform. That his errand was to resent the violence offered to his sister, seemed probable; but a wild apprehension suggested to the guilty heart, that this might not be all.

“ Do you know this paper?” Henry sternly enquired, while he presented the document which he had received from Brinkman. “ I come to demand payment of the bond, which you gave to my too generous father, for certain large sums which he was imprudent enough to advance for his base and unworthy friend.”

Sir James seemed petrified. He, however, soon recovered so far as to enquire :

“ And by what right do you demand payment of this bond ? ”

“ I demand it as the representative — ”

“ Of a man whose all was forfeited to the crown ? Is that the claim you mean to set up ? ”

“ At all events,” said Pierrepont, addressing himself to Henry, “ it is useless pressing *him* for payment. The name in the bond is that of Sir James Denville, and you cannot expect the debts of the baronet will be settled by Mr. Calthorpe.”

“ Why then, if he is already stripped of rank and wealth, what remains but that I take his life ; and exact, not the payment of a paltry bond, but the last drop of his blood ? You know the wrongs you have done my family and me.”

“ Hear me, Mr. Burleigh,” cried the discomfited hypocrite. “ If you believe

what Pierrepont may have told you of your sister ——”

“Villain!” returned Henry, “it is not of my sister that I speak. For the insults offered to her, I am content to leave you to account to her protector — her avenger — her husband — Sir George Denville, who now stands before you. But I have to charge you with a still more atrocious crime — with the sacrilegious murder of your constant benefactor, my revered father. For his death you shall answer — for his blood yours shall be shed; a wretched, unsatisfactory atonement; but all that can be exacted from a ruined assassin, to appease the manes of an immolated saint.”

“I — I do not understand —” was the faltering reply, “why thus I am — accused. Is it on this paper? Whence comes this charge?”

“What, if a dying man, anxious to expiate his errors, had revealed the history of your crime?”

“ Why, then let him appear to substantiate the charge; and let me not be judged on the unmeaning language of one, whose senses failed him when trembling on the verge of the tomb. Let him appear, I say.”

“ Let the dead appear !”

“ Let him come forward, who gave you the information you pretend to have received; or own it all the fabrication of a mind, base itself, and consequently prone to impute baseness to others. Let him appear.”

“ He comes,” cried Henry.

At this moment, the door at the extremity of the saloon opened, and Brinkman, attired in black, as when he was precipitated from the cliff, appeared about to enter. His gigantic figure was recognised with a start of agonising wonder by the assassin, while as yet it was but indistinctly seen without the apartment. An awful stillness prevailed: the avenger slowly advanced, and the ter-

rified wretch whom he came to confront, appalled at the sight, seemed to doubt whether indeed it was a living man, or the indignant spectre of his last victim. He could not long doubt: the speaking glance of Brinkman's eye, which told that he came to avenge and to expiate, spoke volumes to the shuddering beholder.

A fearful pause ensued. The assassin, exhausted by previous emotion, could with difficulty sustain his tottering frame; while gazing on the serene, though wrathful aspect of the witness of his crime, he read that his fate was sealed.

“Miscreant!” exclaimed Brinkman, in a tone as thrilling as his appearance was supernatural and commanding; “the hour is at length arrived, in which the demon you have served rewards your iniquities by deserting you. For you there is no retreat, no evasion of the law. Justice claims what remains of your guilty existence, and mine is the

task to accomplish the fulfilment of your ignominious destiny."

Writhing in all the agonies of despair, the miserable Calthorpe looked round in gloomy silence, and at once sought to relieve himself from contemplating the dreadful vision which had annihilated his last hope, and to discover the means of flight. He rushed to a door that was near that end of the apartment, and which had been formerly one of the stage-doors. He gained it, and without opposition from his enemies, who might have interposed. He opened it, but instantly started back, on perceiving that the officers of justice awaited his approach.

"Felon, 'tis all in vain!" cried Brinkman. "We have left no unguarded point by which you can make your escape, and defeat that justice, which, long defrauded, now claims and will not be denied its despicable victim."

"All hell rises against me!" raved

Calthorpe, “ and sends its blackest phantoms to cross my path, to wither and destroy my prospects. Let the last trumpet sound its loudest blast, and breathe a mightier horror if it can !”

The awful voice of Brinkman replied. “ At length the honest language of a baffled fiend, breaks through those lips so long estranged to truth. The day of judgment may well be suggested to your thoughts by this, in which he, whom you made in law accessory to assassination, though never the consenting accomplice, has risen from the grave in which you supposed his mouldering bones to rest and to which your murderous hand had sought to consign him, that he might tell no tales.

Calthorpe, now as a last effort, betook himself to supplication. “ And am I then to be pursued to death, and by those whom I have considered my friends ! Take my house — take my estates — take even my name, and let me go forth an

obscure fugitive, that I may live, not to enjoyment, but to repentance."

"Was not my father pursued to death," Henry replied, "by one whom he considered his friend; by one who, if gratitude has a claim on the heart of man, was bound to protect that sacred life, not merely at the hazard, but even by the sacrifice of his own. Miscreant! when you presume to call for mercy, remember the work of your relentless arm! — remember it, and despair."

"More time," Brinkman sternly remarked, "remains to you for repentance, than you allowed your victim. For earthly mercy, ask it not, — hope it not — believe it not within the range of things possible. — More need not be said. — "Officers," he added, raising his voice, "do your duty: seize and bear away your prisoner."

The call was promptly obeyed. Calthorpe saw himself seized on either side, and securely bound. Big drops of per-

spiration hung on his brow, and sometimes chased the tears which took their course down his blood-forsaken cheek. To look for relief from human hands was vain, and in the torturing conviction of this, his eyes were for a moment uplifted as if to appeal to a higher Power ; but the horrible scenes in which he had been the chief actor came across his mind, and seemed to repel his feverish gaze ; he shrank, as it were, within himself, and with downcast looks, fearful tremblings, and throbs of wild emotion, was dragged away from the saloon.

CHAP. XIX.

" ——— I felt as though the world,
With all its pomp — with all its joys and smiles —
Could never charm again." HARRAL.

A SPECIAL commission was issued for the trial of Calthorpe. He met the charge preferred against him with a hardened denial, but the clear and consistent statement of Brinkman carried conviction to every heart, and the numerous witnesses who came forward to corroborate parts of it, removed all doubt from the minds of the most sceptical. A verdict of guilty was given against the prisoner, and he was sentenced to die.

In the mean time Henry was enabled

to take possession of his father's house. On hearing of the course things were taking, Lord Burleigh had hastened to congratulate his nephew. Henry and his sister had the happiness of once more embracing their mother, who accompanied their uncle. His Lordship was disposed to take great credit to himself for having afforded the heart-broken wanderer an asylum in his own house, but the gratitude which he expected this would call forth, was repressed by the recollection of the ready ear he had lent to the slanders promulgated against Harriet.

The nobleman perceived that his kindness was not so highly appreciated as he wished that it should be, and proceeded to put forth other claims to the esteem and good-will of his relations, by giving Henry to understand, that at his intercession, before any thing was known of the way in which Mr. Burleigh really came by his death, the crown had been

pleased to remit the sentence against the deceased, which had followed on the verdict of the coroner's inquest.

His Lordship laid claim to a merit which did not belong to him. The mercy of the crown originated with the crown. But when it was made known to his Lordship, he found Mrs. Burleigh in such a state, as to be incapable of listening to the happy intelligence. Her end seemed fast approaching. Henry Burleigh had not been heard of for many months, and might possibly return to England no more; and Harriet had been carried off, whether with, or without her consent he hardly knew, but in either case there was a probability that she would not be very speedily restored. Under these circumstances it occurred to his Lordship, that his brother's family, already virtually extinct, might soon become actually so, in which case the property, of which restitution had been ordered, must fall to him. It was from this feeling that he took Mrs.

Burleigh into his own house, that she might not be influenced by the advice of any one unfriendly to his interest, and this inclined him readily to listen to the calumnies, which it was the object of the false Baronet to have believed.

Of these facts Henry had been apprised; and he failed not to let his Lordship know, that he was well acquainted with the narrow limits within which all the obligations owed to his affectionate care, were confined; and when his noble relation, improving on all the rest, condescended to intimate his readiness to complete the happiness of his nephew, by giving him one of his daughters, he had the mortification to be answered in a very decided tone.

“ I do not look quite so high, my Lord. My heart turns with love and gratitude for the gentle being who sought to tranquillise a broken spirit in the midst of its sufferings. Those who could insult me in adversity, will never be courted as

friends in the day of my prosperity. If on these subjects your Lordship has any thing more to say, I have only to refer you to the answer which I have just given, to put you in possession of my sentiments."

Lord Burleigh could but ill brook the application of language to him, which he had formerly thought it most dignified and proper to address to a friendless relation ; and retired with little delay to declaim against the baseness and ingratitude of mankind.

The claim of Pierrepont, as he has hitherto been called, was soon established. In the peculiar circumstances of the individual who had enjoyed the estates of the late Baronet, opposition, if it could have been successfully offered, would hardly have been attempted.

The marriage of Pierrepont and Harriet was speedily solemnized. Jack Practical attended on this occasion ; and when the ceremony was over, bestowed

his benediction on them in his usual style. "I wish you happy," said he, "and I won't add, with Sparkish, 'that I know you'll be devilish miserable.' I wish you may be as happy, and rather more fortunate than your friend, Mr. Deputy Hanson, and my old patroness at Matlock, Miss Catlap. By-the-bye, he has a long advertisement in the paper to-day, appealing to the compassion of the patriotic, the benevolent, and the affluent, in behalf of an unfortunate public-spirited merchant, reduced by a series of unforeseen calamities and perfidy without a parallel."

"To what does he allude?" enquired the husband of Harriet.

"Lord, Lord! how green you are. Why the unforeseen calamities are the demands made upon him, for the stupid extravagances in which he plunged to please his new wife; and the perfidy without a parallel, is that of his son-in-law, whom he has lately taken into

favour. This you will observe, was just as he was upon the go. To this hopeful relation, he then confided every thing which he could scrape together of value, to be safe from his creditors while he was settling his debts by the short way, *according to act of Parliament*. But the insight thus afforded to his son-in-law, of the safe mode of ‘acquiring at all events,’ as Spurzheim has it, — of ‘compiling,’ as I christen it, — of ‘robbery,’ as you would call it, suggested to that gentleman the propriety of doing something for himself; and he has accordingly turned all into money, and started to what the Deputy had taught was the only true land of liberty, America; singing ‘Hail Columbia, happy land,’ and ‘Yankee Doodle for ever!’ ”

The mental and bodily exertion which Brinkman imposed upon himself, in order to bring Calthorpe to justice, pressed severely on a constitution beginning to fail from age, and much im-

paired by recent sickness. He was, however, indefatigable, and if at any time Henry advised him to allow himself a little rest in consideration of the indisposition under which he laboured, that was immediately used as an argument for increased effort, lest death should overtake him while yet the great work was incomplete. After confronting the assassin, his health continued to decline, and his impatience of the delays which interposed between that period and the trial, aggravated and augmented the malady which consumed him. He incessantly lamented, not his own rapid decay, but the probability that he should be no more, before the time arrived at which he might contribute to the administration of justice.

When the trial was brought to a close, he walked out of the court with a firm step; all debility was forgotten, and an expression of solemn satisfaction was imprinted on his pale countenance.

Conveyed by Henry to his residence, he entered an apartment prepared for him, with a faltering step, and sunk exhausted on a small couch.

“All is over!” he calmly exclaimed; “and thank God, I at last am at leisure to die.”

That night he retired to bed with a strong presentiment that he should rise no more. Neither the cares of Louisa, nor the soothing language of Henry, could arrest the progress of his disease. It was soon obvious to every one, that the hour of his dissolution could not be very remote.

The day on which the execution of Calthorpe was to take place, arrived. That morning Henry waited on Brinkman, to enquire how he found himself.

“Better,” was the reply.

“I am glad of it, Sir.”

“Better, young man, because I am nearly at the end of my sufferings. This hour beholds the wretched assassin

of your father ascend the scaffold, on which the forfeit of his life is to be exacted. — and this hour will see his companion numbered with the dead.”

Henry would have spoken; but Brinkman motioned for him to be silent.

“ Let not your interrupting kindness preclude me from coining the little breath that remains to me, into words. The rich perfumes which ascended to heaven from the altar of holocausts, were less grateful to its Eternal Monarch than the sighs of true repentance. I am consoled by a lively prospect of happiness in another world. This I am enabled to leave with few regrets, — with none for myself; but need I add, that there is one destined to survive me, most beloved in life, most dear to my soul in death. — The tear which trembles in my eye, is not the tear of weakness, but of affection. It springs not from the terrors of the man, but from the fondness of the father. When the grave has

closed over me, remember her. — Protect my Louisa. — If I have been guilty, spotless innocence and almost redeeming purity, are hers.”

“ Fearful as your wanderings may have been, and fatal as they have proved to you, I cannot forget the many obligations which I owe to your kindness. All that an erring mortal could do to atone for involuntary participation in crime, has been done. I trust that it is sufficient for Heaven. For the lovely Louisa — my own happiness depends upon hers.”

“ I cannot hope that you will take for a wife the daughter of one so debased by crime as I have been ; but,” — he paused and gasped for breath, — “ but when I am removed, and she remains without a father, relative, or friend ; alone, amidst an unfeeling and persecuting world, — in mercy, then remember, that she was once destined to be your wife ; remember this, and shelter her from the pitiless storm.”

“Speak not thus ; but rather bequeath her to me as a treasure. That which seemed to separate us for ever is now so far explained away, that I shall claim the fulfilment of her promise.”

“God bless you !” exclaimed Brinkman ; and, exhausted by the sudden throb of rapture, he sunk on his pillow.

The clock struck nine.

The dying man raised himself at the sound.

“That,” said he, “was the signal for his death. He is now launched into eternity. It is our joint knell—I rejoice that it is so.—I rejoice that my life thus terminates, and find in the coincidence a grateful assurance that the sacrifice is accepted, as an expiation of the past. I follow to confront him before the throne of the Eternal.”

He again fell back, and appeared about to expire. His eyes were closed, and his features tranquil.

At this moment Louisa, who had left

the room when Henry entered, approached, and gently touched the hand of her father. He looked upon her, and his lips moved, but no sound escaped from them. Brinkman had previously grasped the hand of Henry. He now attempted to advance it to that of his daughter, and had nearly joined them, when his hold was gradually relinquished — his hands fell on his bosom — and respiration was no more.

We pass over the scenes which immediately followed, to tell of that which occurred when the funeral solemnities ended, and the grief of Louisa became softened into calmer sorrow. It was then that Henry acquainted her with the promise which he had made to her dying father.

Louisa mildly, but resolutely, announced to him, that she considered it a duty to withhold her consent to the union which he had proposed. If his generosity could forget the melancholy

discovery which had taken place, it was for her to remember it, and not to submit to the humiliation of carrying disgrace to the arms of her husband.

“Why, lovely mourner, is this urged to me? Such were not your feelings when you learned that I was the son of one whom the vengeance of the law pursued, even after death. Yours was then the kind heart that could feel that one human being ought not to suffer from a mortal hand for the wanderings of another; and, imperfectly as I imitate your goodness, you must not think the lesson wholly lost upon me, nor suffer it to have been taught in vain.”

“Spare me,” she firmly replied, “on this subject. The hastily-formed ideas of the thoughtless romp whom you once honoured with your love, cannot be put in competition with those which painful experience and maturer age have taught me to adopt. I owe it to myself and to you to meet your generosity with a feel-

ing not unworthy of it, and stedfastly to refuse the alliance you would proffer."

"Not so, my Louisa. Pronounce not so fearful a doom. Have I lost your esteem? Has your heart renounced its love?"

He seized her hand with energy inspired by profound grief, while repeating in substance the interrogatory he had just uttered.

Louisa was silent.

"Will you not speak to me? Is the love, of which you once allowed me to believe myself the happy object, no more?"

The beautiful countenance of Louisa was suffused with tears. She turned away that they might not be seen by her lover, and sought to dry them. In a tremulous tone she then replied,

"It is not so. It is because my best affections are yours, that I will not consent to that which might hereafter expose you to derision or reproach. That

my love is unchanged I will now give you a proof. Name some secluded asylum to which I may retire, and there my life shall pass in perfect solitude, unless you when happy with another, should sometimes deign to visit me and talk of days that are past, or happily entrust me with the education of your infant offspring, for whom, though not permitted to be your wife, I may not be forbidden to cherish the affection of a mother."

"No, Louisa; that shall never be. You, whom neither poverty nor disgrace could induce to frown on me, shall be the companion of my happier hours; or my life, like yours, shall pass in solitude, and the severe resolution which sacrifices you, shall immolate your lover."

He renewed his entreaties, and she urged her objections; but at length promised to re-consider the subject, when the days of mourning for her deceased father should have passed. In the mean

time it was arranged that she should reside with Sir George and Lady Denville. Harriet found in Louisa a sister in sentiment, and failed not to urge her brother's suit. Sir George, with all the generous energy that belonged to him as Pierrepoint, pleaded in the same cause, and the reader will judge for himself, whether it is probable that such importunities would long be resisted.

For Henry, however impatient for the arrival of the day when he might call Louisa his wife, he, as well as Pierrepoint, were too much engaged in arranging the possessions to which they had succeeded, to feel the time hang quite so heavy as it would otherwise have done. Mrs. Burleigh divided her days equally between her son and her daughter.

The venerable Kendall was not forgotten. But he refused all remuneration, and could not be prevailed upon to abandon the lowly industry to which his former life had been devoted. For

his reward, he claimed to be allowed to bring to the knowledge of his wealthy friends the sufferings of those who might fall into distress, and to be the messenger of their charities.

One of the earliest cares that engrossed the attention of the family, was that of removing the sacred remains of the revered victim of ingratitude and murder, to a suitable resting-place. An elegant but not gorgeous monument was erected over them, which in simple terms recounts the virtues and the fate of the deceased, and tells of the brief triumph of crime, of just vengeance, of sincere penitence and expiation.

THE END.

Popular Novels recently published by Longman,
Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

1. **TALES OF THE HEART**. By Mrs. Orme. The 3d edition, in 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. boards.
2. **THE ABBOT**. A Romance. In 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. boards.
3. **SIR FRANCIS DAKRELL**. or, The Vortex. A Novel. By R. C. Darnley and Author of "Percival". 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 8s. boards.
4. **TALES OF THE PRIORY**. By Mrs. Howard. 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. boards.
5. **EVERETT MOUNTJOY**. or, Views of Life. By Mrs. Robert Mountjoy. In 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s. boards.
6. **THE CONFESSIONS OF J. ROUSSEAU**. Given or Given. In two parts. To which are added The Reveries of a Solitary Walker. Translated from the French. A new edition. In 1 vol. 12mo. price 11. 1s. boards.
7. **DOMESTIC SCENES**. By Lady Hunsbury. Author of more works than bear her name. 3 vols. 11. 1s.
8. **DUELITY**. A Novel. By Miss O'Keefe. Author of "Familiar Tales". 2 vols. 11. 1s. boards.
9. **LEONARD ABBES**. A Novel. By Miss Evans. 2 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. boards.
10. **THE PASTOR'S FINE-SIDE**. By Miss Jane Porter. The 2d edition. In 4 vols. 11. 6d.

By the same Author.

*Popular Novels recently published by Longman,
Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.*

1. TALES OF THE HEART. By Mrs. OPIE. The 2d edition, in 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. boards.

By the same Author,

NEW TALES. The 3d edit. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. bds.

VALENTINE'S EVE. A Novel. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

TALES OF REAL LIFE, 3 vols. 18s.

SIMPLE TALES. The 4th edit. 4 vols. 1l. 1s.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER. A Tale. 4s. 6d.

TEMPER; or, Domestic Scenes. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

2. THE ABBOT. A Romance. In 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. bds.

Also, by the same Author,

MONASTERY. A Romance. In 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards.

ROB ROY. The 4th edition. In 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards.

THE ANTIQUARY. The 5th edit. In 3 vols. 1l. 4s.

GUY MANNERING; or, The Astrologer. The 6th edition. In 3 vols. 1l. 1s. boards.

WAVERLEY, or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since. 7th edition, in 5 vols. 1l. 1s. boards.

3. SIR FRANCIS DARRELL; or, The Vortex. A Novel. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. Author of "Percival," "Aubrey," "Morland," &c. &c. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. bds.

4. TALES OF THE PRIORY. By Mrs. HOFFLAND. In 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. boards.

5. EVELEEN MOUNTJOY; or, Views of Life. By Mrs. ROBERT MOORE. In 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s. boards.

6. THE CONFESSIONS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU, Citizen of Geneva. In two Parts. To which are added, The Reveries of a Solitary Walker. Translated from the French. A new edition. In 4 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 1s. boards.

7. DOMESTIC SCENES. By Lady HUMDRUM, Author of more works than bear her name. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

8. DUDLEY. A Novel. By Miss O'KEEFE, Author of "Patriarchal Times," "Zenobia." &c. 3 vols. 1l. 1s. boards.

9. LEOLIN ABBEY. A Novel. By Miss LEFANU, Author of "Strathallan." In 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. boards.

10. THE PASTOR'S FIRE-SIDE. By Miss JANE PORTER. The 3d edition. In 4 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

By the same Author,

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS. 5 vols. 4th edit. 1l. 15s.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW. 10th edit. 4 vols. 18s.

Popular Novels published by Longman and Co.

11. **THE FAST OF ST. MAGDALEN.** A Romance. By Miss ANNA MARIA PORTER. The 2d edition. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 1s. boards.

By the same Author,

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN. 3d edit. 3 vols. 1l. 1s.

THE RECLUSE OF NORWAY. 2d edit. 4 vols. 1l. 4s.

DON SEBASTIAN; or, *The House of Braganza.* A Historical Romance. in 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. boards.

THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS. 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

12. **THE HISTORY OF FICTION,** being a critical Account of the most celebrated *Prose Works of Fiction*, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present Age. By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. In 3 vols. post 8vo. The 2d edition, considerably enlarged, 2l. 2s. boards.

13. **TALES OF IMAGINATION.** 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.

By the same Author,

HESITATION; or, *To Marry or Not to Marry.* A Novel. In 3 vols. 12mo. price 18s. boards.

THE PHYSIOGNOMIST. In 3 vols. 16s. 6d. boards.

THE BACHELOR AND THE MARRIED MAN; or, *The Equilibrium of the Balance of Comfort.* The 2d edition, 3 vols. 16s. 6d. boards.

14. **SKETCHES OF CHARACTER;** or, *Specimens of Real Life.* In 3 vols. 3d edition, 15s.

15. **VARIETIES OF LIFE;** or, *Conduct and Consequences.* By the Author of "*Sketches of Character.*" In 3 vols. 12mo. price 18s. boards.

16. **SELF-CONTROL.** The 4th edition. In 3 vols. post 8vo. price 1l. 4s. boards.

17. **DISCIPLINE.** By the Author of "*Self-Control.*" The 3d edition. In 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards.

18. **THE WELSH MOUNTAINEER.** By CATHERINE HUTTON. In 3 vols. 16s. 6d. boards.

19. **CORRECTION.** In 3 vols. 1l. 1s. boards.

20. **DECISION.** A Tale. By the Author of "*Correction,*" &c. in 3 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 1s. boards.

21. **THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.** A Romance. By ANN RADCLIFFE. 8th edition, in 4 vols. 1l. 8s.

By the same Author,

THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST. In 3 vols. 15s.

A SICILIAN ROMANCE. 5th edition, in 2 vols. 8s.

THE CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE. 4th edition, 5s. 6d.

22. **THE WILD IRISH GIRL.** By LADY MORGAN. In 3 vols. 5th edition, 15s. boards.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 056 388 2

